RADWAY'S
RSAPARILLIAN
SOLVENT.
THE GREAT
OD PURIFIER!
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TER USING A FEW DOSES.
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ence of suffocation, hard breathing and
f cough on lying down or arising in the
All these distressing symptoms gradually
disappear.
after day the SARSAPARILLIAN is
signs of returning health will appear; as
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NSUMPTION
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, rickets; in mercurial deposits—it is in
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it is in such cases, where all the pleasures
appear cut off from the unfortunate, and
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hopeless to a life and new existence, where
remedy stands alone in its might and
dinary skin diseases that every one is
e troubled with a few doses will in most
a few bottles in the worst cases aggravated
a permanent cure.
e combination of the active principles
e than any other Preparation. Taken in
l doses, while others require
One Dollar per Bottle.
R. R. R.
ADWAY'S
EADY RELIEF
CURES AND PREVENTS
TERY, DIARRHŒA,
OLERA MORBUS,
FEVER AND AGUE,
MATISM,
EURALGIA,
DIPHTHERIA,
INFLUENZA
THROAT,
FFICULT BREATHING.
vel Complaints,
Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or pain
from the bowels are stopped in 15 or 20
taking Radway's Ready Relief. No on-
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the use of the Ready Relief.
It was the First and is the
LY PAIN REMEDY
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ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES,
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Bed-Ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous,
or prostrated with disease may suffer.
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WILL
FORD INSTANT EASE!
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Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing, Pal-
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Fever, Ague, Bilious Fevers, Scarlet
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sixty drops in half a tumbler of water will
mentic cramps, Spasms, Sour Stom-
burn, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentry,
in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.
should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S
LIEF with them. A few drops in water
sickness or pains from change of water.
than French brandy or bitters as a stim-
FEVER AND AGUE.
AND AGUE cured for fifty cents. There
edial agent in this world that will cure
Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious,
hoid, Yellow, and other Fevers (aided by
'S PILLS,) so quick as RADWAY'S
ELIEF.
Fifty Cents per Bottle.
RADWAY'S
ULATING PILLS.
Purgatives, Sootht'ng Aperi-
Act Without Pain. A sure
liable and Natural in
their Operation.
stable Substitute for Calomel.
tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet
, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen
PILLS, for the cure of all Disorders of
, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Ner-
, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness,
, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflam-
the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of
Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect
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Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes
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m all the above-named disorders.
Price, 25 Cents per Box.
at that the reader must consult our book
on the cause of disease and their cure,
ch may be named:
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ay on Scrofula."
relative to different classes of Disease.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
"FALSE AND TRUE"
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Warren, Corner Church Street
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TO THE PUBLIC.
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Y'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES
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False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be
re for RADWAY'S, and see that the name
"is on what you buy.
no 9-26

Horticultural Society

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM, THE GARDEN, THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

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Editorial.

FORESTS AND TREE PLANTING.

The Legislature is addressed for the purpose of taking action that shall result in planting again the deforested lands in the Commonwealth. It is a most worthy purpose to be engaged in. The proposal is to appoint towns to take tracks of land of suitable character within their limits, on the payment of a fair price, and to plant them with forests trees, no tract thus planted to be less than five hundred acres; and the state is asked to remit taxes on the same. All things point to the necessity of some such step, made by the highest authority. Unless forests are planted on vast tracts of land that are good for nothing else, they will have to be just so much territorial area practically counted out of the State.

Such a reclothing of waste lands would give a still greater value to all the rest, by inducting climatic and other modifications. It is a subject that is commanding increased public attention, because of the rapid disappearance of our forests and the noticeable changes in the conditions imposed upon our agriculture. Were our hills about us covered with forests once more, both the summer and winter seasons would be found more favorable for our modern life. Farmers everywhere complain of the constant drying up of the springs and the consequent disappearance of the brooks and streams. Fields are exposed to drought; hurricanes sweep freely across the State; and crops are suffering for want of shelter.

With planting, the sands of the Cape and the mountains and hills of the interior would steadily be restored to a permanent value. What is waste and barren would be redeemed. The State would grow throughout its entire territory in beauty as in wealth. Town after town could easily increase its own worth. The removal of the forests should be succeeded by immediate steps for their restoration. To make the work both comprehensive and thorough it should be entered on by State authority. That will give it such a stimulus as no mere rivalry between local associations can. From the Cape to the Berkshire Hills, the State would in a course of years return to the wooded condition that has added vastly more to her agricultural prosperity and general comfort than most of us are prepared to believe.

We observe, from running through the forestry bulletin of the Census Department, that the pine forests of the country are becoming more and more restricted by rapid removal. The pine forests of Texas cover a strip of country about 200 miles long and 100 miles wide, lying just south of the Red, and just west of the Sabine River. In Florida, the pine forests extend over the greater portion of the State, but are not generally heavy. In Alabama, over one and a quarter million of the pine lands have been cut over, and on six hundred thousand acres the merchantable pine has been injured by the manufacture of turpentine. In Mississippi, the merchantable pine has been removed from nearly three million acres.

In Minnesota, Michigan and Wisconsin, the statistics are given as to hard woods as well as pine. It is estimated that in Minnesota 3,840,000 acres of hard wood lands remain, that are capable of yielding an average of fifteen cords of wood to the acre. The standing (white) pine in the same State is estimated at 6,100,000 feet. The white pine supply of Michigan amounts to 29,000,000,000 feet in the lower peninsula, and 6,000,000,000 in the upper peninsula. The hard wood supply of the lower peninsula is 375,500,000 cords of wood, destributed over 20,000,000 acres. The hard wood supply of the upper peninsula is 124,500 cords of wood, distributed over 10,000,000 acres. The tamarack and cedar swamps of the State contain 65,500,000 cords of wood.

The pine forests of Wisconsin take in about 22,500,000 acres. The hard wood supply is estimated at 12,000,000 cords; the cedar swamps cover about 1,365,000 acres, and are estimated to contain 62,800,000 posts, telegraph poles, and railroad ties. But reverting to our own State, we are called to consider the influence of forests and tree-planting upon agriculture, climate, and the general health of the people. Forests influence rainfalls and are the natural reservoirs of moisture for a country. They break the force of gales, and thus shield the crops and agreeably modify a country's climate. They are, in general, the promoters of health. They improve the drainage, and in this way make a soil more habitable and healthy. To dampness is due a large catalogue of our intesting diseases.

No bar is so efficacious against malaria as that of a belt of forest. It has been shown to be so in our Western country, and it is historically true in many of the countries of the Old World. It is related that the unhealthiness of Rome was greatly increased in the time of Pope Gregory XIII by the destruction of a forest that gave shelter to brigands. The pestilential emanations from marshes are counteracted in Algeria by planting eucalyptus trees, which partly absorb the moisture from the soil and partly exhale from their leaves the compounded exhalations. It is well understood that trees everywhere exercise a purifying effect on the atmosphere, and hence that the planting of them is a strictly sanitary measure. The movement for beautifying villages by tree planting has, therefore, quite as much to do with the future health as beauty of them.

We have kindly been permitted to look through an illustrated volume on English Forests and Forest Trees, from the library of Mr. John Owen of Cambridge, who entertains a lively interest in this subject of trees and tree-planting. It contains a particular description of the forests and forest trees of England, which are very rapidly passing away, but few of those which were once so famous still existing. It describes the English forests in the days of the Britons, Romans, Saxons and Normans; gives particular accounts of forest-trees; sketches Windsor Forest and Castle; the forests of Epping and Hainaust, New Forest, Dartmoor Forest, the Forest of Dean, Lancashire and Cheshire Forests, miscellaneous and minor forests, forest laws, forest management, and revenue and expenditure of the forests.

Germany is well forested Italy once possessed magnificent forests, but only a few rare vestiges are left. Spain has been even less fortunate, the centre of the peninsula being almost entirely deprived of trees. Russia, the last country in Europe that has awoke to civilization, still exhibits that forest condition which was that of the rest of the world before man had dispossessed the ground of its thick shades to open a free space for his agricultural labors. Forest lines of a prodigious extent run in every direction in this vast empire. Persia has lost her forests, Greece retains none of her wooded features. The Phenicians, a maritime race, were the principal agents of the destruction or the forests of Palestine and Syria. The whole of Western Asia has scarcely any trees.

The Bible furnishes us with the names of several forests, whose actual sites are now occupied by an arid soil. Egypt once wore a forest crown, of which she is completely divested. America is styled the country of forests *par excellence*. Those of South America, Mexico and the Floridas have exhausted the wonder and admiration of travellers. But the axe has been doing its deadly work, and now the problem of restoration confronts us in its turn. It is idle to expect of any country that it can long sustain a healthy and numerous population after having been stripped of its trees. Agriculture is doomed in any country that refuses the constant co-operation of forests. To start the right movement in this State, it was wise to appeal direct to the Legislature, and its response should be prompt and encouraging.

MASS. HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

We have before referred to the publication of the "Transactions" of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society for 1881, but return to it in order to comment further on its various features of interest and excellence. The address of President Hayes clearly sets forth the condition and prospects of the Society, and deserves the attention of all persons interested in what the Society aims to promote. There is an elaborate essay on the cultivation of the Rose, by William H. Spooner, followed by a highly intelligent discussion of the subject by Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, John G. Barker, Charles M. Hovey, William C. Strong, Rev. A. B. Muzzey, John B. Moore, President Hayes, and Joseph H. Woodford, William Pray, Jr., and others, which abounds with interest and instruction. A second discussion of the subject, which took place at a subsequent meeting, is also fully reported. To read these discussions will be equivalent to an education in the theory and practice of rose culture. It was a galaxy of talent and experience that came forward to teach the most successful methods of cultivating the flower that stands the acknowledged queen of the garden. There is also an address by Secretary Russell, of the State Board of Agriculture, on Tropical Fruits and Flowers, which is highly engaging both for its topic and its style of treatment. Another topic of widest interest is "Fruits best adapted for Market Purposes," which bristles all over with timely and valuable suggestions.

There is scarcely any one, especially a grower of fruits himself, to whom the discussion of this subject will not prove most acceptable. It was supplemented by a discussion of the question, how to meet Southern competition in the small fruit market, that conveys numerous hints well worthy of being heeded by fruit-growers. The whole discussion is a complete study of the subject. The culture of the Peach receives, in the "Transactions," very full and satisfactory treatment; that on Plum Culture, Hardy Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, and Vegetables and their Culture. What imparts exceptional value to the reports of these debates is the fact that they were participated in by men who are acknowledged as authority in matters pertaining to horticulture, and from whom nothing is to be expected but a presentation of the very principles of the subject, to which they had freely added illustrations from their own experience and observation. A perusal of the "Transactions" will not fail to make the practitioner a more learned and accomplished horticulturist, a sincere lover of all that clothes the occupation of horticulture with associations of beauty and peace, a profounder moralist among the products of the orchard and garden, and altogether a better and a happier man.

EARLY CHICKENS.

To be successful in raising early chicks, it is not only necessary to have a good location, and a house properly constructed, but it is also necessary to possess an interest in the business sufficient to ensure constant watchfulness. A dry, sandy or gravelly soil, with nothing to obstruct the rays of the sun, is important. As no artificial heat can be made equal to that generated by the sun, the house should be located and constructed with the view of getting all of the sun's rays possible. While the cold north winds should be shut out, the house should be so located and constructed as to be easily ventilated. While the little chicks may be chilled by strong blasts of cold air, there is quite as much danger of killing them with hot, confined air. After the chicks are three or four days old, they should have fresh air a portion of every day, but the hen should not be permitted to run at large. She should be confined in a small house, made light by having the walls principally of glass. Some fresh air should be let in, even in the coldest weather, and when the weather is not very cold, fresh air should have free access. It is more important to keep the chicks dry than to keep them warm, therefore in damp, rainy weather they should not be permitted to go outside of the covered house; but in dry weather, when the thermometer is not below forty degrees, they will improve by letting them out in the fresh air, providing the hen is kept in. The chicks will not go beyond her call, and will frequently return to the house.

The health of the chicks is the most important thing to look after. This can only be obtained by giving them plenty of light and sunshine, pure air, not too cold, and food that is adapted to their age. Fine ground meal should always be given with caution. It is much better to have the corn only cracked. Millet seed in small quantities is good; hay seed and weed seed, that settles to the bottom of the hay mow, furnishes a variety of food, and keeps both the hen and chicks busy. Care should be taken not to overfeed, for food that is kept before the chicks several days becomes unhealthy. Soft bones pounded fine make an excellent food, but should be fed only in limited quantities. The same may be said of fresh meat. A variety of food should be given, and care taken not to cloy the appetite of any one of them.

Questions & Answers.

☞ All questions to the Editor, desiring answer through the *Ploughman*, should be accompanied by the full name of the correspondent.

SEEDING MEADOW LAND.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

In your article on English Hay, Feb. 11, you speak of putting on the meadow three or four inches of sand or gravel and sowing grass seed in the spring when it cannot be done in the fall. Now, as grass seed sown in spring often fails of giving a good crop the first year, how would it do to sow oats, using some manure of course, and then sow the grass seed in the fall after the oats had been taken off? Do you think under these circumstances one would be likely to get a paying crop of oats? Respectfully yours,

No. Reading, Feb. 11, 1882. C. H.

The success of a crop of oats would depend on the condition of the land, and the character of the earth carted on. If the land be quite low, and moist, and the earth carted on be clear sand, or gravel, but a small crop of oats could be obtained, but if the land be well underdrained, and it be covered with earth composed of considerable portions of vegetable mould, oats would grow well, providing the land before covering was not in grass, but leaf mould, where wood had grown; if in grass, and not covered more than three inches deep, the coarse grasses might come to the surface, and interfere with the growth of the young grass plants, coming from the fall sowing. Grass seed sown early in the spring, will succeed in wet land that has been covered with earth, much better than it will on high land, that has been ploughed. We have seen some very gratifying results from spring seeding, but should always prefer August to April, if the land is ready at that time; if not, then we should seed in April, rather than let the land lay idle during the summer. Under favorable circumstances oats might pay, but as a rule, in such land it would not.—[Ed.

FEEDING SHORTS AND MEAL TO MILCH COWS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Will you be kind enough to answer through the *Ploughman* the following question:

Which is the better way to feed milch cows, to put shorts or meal into milk warm water and let them drink what they want, or to feed the shorts or meal dry and give them clear water to drink? By answering the above you will greatly oblige a constant reader of the *Ploughman*. J. H. S.

North Stoughton, Feb. 6, 1882.

It is believed by many intelligent farmers that meal should not be given to cattle mixed with the water they drink. It is contended that more of the nutriment is extracted if fed in connection with the hay they eat; and the reason given is that if mixed with the hay, it does not pass directly into the stomach, where digestion takes place, but stops with the hay in the first stomach, and with the hay is brought back to the mouth and masticated, thus more fully mixing it with the hay, and also giving it more time to change into flesh and fat forming substances. Some practice feeding meal mixed with a small quantity of cut corn fodder, others with cut hay; but perhaps the largest number feed clear meal dry or slightly moistened with water. To mix it with coarse hay is not practicable, because it will, most of it, pass through the nay to the bottom of the crib; but it can be mixed with cut feed to advantage, if the be moistened with water.—[Ed.

WHITE RUSSIA SPRING WHEAT.

Editor Mass. Ploughman:

I have some "white Russia spring wheat" which is four years old; will it do to sow this coming spring? Please answer through the *Ploughman*. Truly yours, L. M. M.

Enfield, Mass., Feb. 13, 1882.

If the wheat has been kept in a cool dry place it will be safe to sow it; but the best way for L. M. M. to do is to count out twenty-five kernels of the wheat and sow them in a flower pot, or box of earth, which should be kept in the house where it is warm and light, being careful to keep the earth moist. If twenty of the seeds grow it will do to plant, if not more than fifteen grow, then if planted, twice the usual amount of seed should be used. As a rule, old seed should not be planted; our experience is that the young plants do not start with the vigor that they do from seed that is new. We should never plant old seed when we could be sure of getting the same variety by paying double price. There is more in having good seed than many farmers think. It is sometimes much better to plant old seed of our own that has been bred up to a high standard than to buy new seed and take the chances of getting seed that has been grown without any effort to improve it.—Ed.

TROUBLE AMONG THE SWINE.

Editor Massachusetts Plouguan:

If it is not asking too much I would like to make inquiry through the readers of the *Ploughman* in regard to disease among hogs. One of my neighbors has recently lost about $150 worth of hogs, some large fat one, and some small ones. I recently lost two fat ones; their appearance was like poison. Loss of appetite, slight running of the eyes, lived about two weeks.

Now I have four nice pigs taken very differently. The first one was taken about four weeks since, with loss of the use of hind parts; in about two weeks two more were taken in the same way, then the fourth one. Symptoms, first, loss of use of hind parts, soon a strangling for breath when eating; all have a good appetite, and growing very fast, bowels and water all right; recently when eating they strangle and go into spasms and scream to their utmost, and they lay prostrate for a few minutes. I have just killed the first one and examined it carefully. In the windpipe I found a stringy slime, very adhesive; the lungs discolored and partially decayed; liver and heart all right; the right kidneys dark colored, full of small sacs of white water; the gall matter black and thick as tar.

If any one can give the readers of the *Ploughman* a remedy, I think it will be gladly received. The pigs have been kept in a greenhouse with temperature from 50 to 70 degs., and kept clean, fed mostly on scald fine feed. W. J. B.

West Boylston, Mass.

Will some of our readers who have had experience in the above, answer through the columns of the *Ploughman*?—[Ed.

☞ Several questions received will be answered in next week's *Ploughman*.

Correspondence.

C. W. MILLS AND "ENSILAGE."

BY H. C. BURLEIGH.

To the Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

On reading Mr. C. W. Mills' address upon Ensilage, before the Farmers' Institute at Grafton, as it appeared in your valuable and ever welcome paper, the *Ploughman*, I was led to exclaim, "Will wonders never cease?" Can it be possible that green corn fodder alone, in any form, at the rate of 60 pounds a day, will make an animal "so fat that they are too lazy to move"? And can it be that in securing 100 tons of early cut hay that we actually lose an equivalent to 400 tons of this same (to me) precious fodder? If so, I do not wonder that Mr. Mills says that all "the smartest boys have always gone away from the farms, and the careless and dull ones left to run the farm to the next generation." And yet, as I do not see that one individual in that vast number of farmers, intelligent as they are, said aught against this theory, I supposed they endorsed it all.

But, Mr. Editor, it seems to me that I discover just one little sentence in Mr. Mills' remarks (if you quote him correctly) that leads me to believe that Mr. Mills is not quite satisfied with green corn ensilage. He says "his ambition is not to raise corn fodder, but to get his land rich enough to raise 15 or 16 tons of green grass per acre. When he gets this, he expects to see a better profit from farming than from any other business."

Now, Mr. Editor, if this is the height of Mr. Mills's ambition in an agricultural way, I can point out to him many teachers who have never seen the inside workings of a classic school. Neither are they of that "smart" class, who have left the farm to engage in mercantile pursuits. But they can demonstrate to him that with what fertilizers he is using, if he will cease raising those expensive crops of green corn, he can have his ambition gratified in two years, if he has natural grass land.

With all due appreciation of those Pioneers in the science of agriculture, I just want to say to the readers of the *Ploughman*, notwithstanding we are told of the efficacy of *faith* in bringing about results, *Go slow*. You cannot make anything out of nothing. If you put green corn into a silo, it cannot come out any better than *wilted* green corn and it may come out a great deal worse.

Some thirty years ago there was a great rage for deep ploughing. "No good farmer would plough less than nine or ten inches deep." There was a great rush for *two story* plows, and every agricultural paper quoted those wise sayings,

Plough deep while sluggards sleep,
And you will have corn to sell and to keep."

How nice that rhymed in! And how we got the extra pair of oxen, and turned up the subsoil that had never seen the light of the sun in our day! And how we *poor, foolish fellows*, who had not *wit enough* to leave the farm looked and waited for the results! Very much in the same way that the old Indian Chief watched for the first appearance of the crop of the "Thunder seed" that he paid the white trader a year's furs for. But alas! our hopes were never realized. Mr. Mechi, the farmer of "Triptree Hall," told me that the steam plough and deep ploughing was one of the great mistakes of his life. And yet Mr. Mechi probably did more for improved agriculture in England, aye, and throughout the civilized world, than any other man of the present century. This we will call failure No. 1. Time rolled on, and some of the "Savans" made a wonderful discovery that these same foolish farmers were loring one-half of their feed by giving it to the cattle in a raw state. "Steamed food is what they want." "Any farmer who does not steam his cattle feed is twenty years behind the times." And as I traveled around among the "cattle kings" in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, I heard "the wondrous story" told of the great saving, etc., etc. But alas! The end cometh. Where are the steamers? and where are the advocates? This is failure No. 2. Shall it, can it be so with the silos? Who can, who dare—in the face of all this excitement—answer? Who dare say this will add another number to the list of failures?

Mr. Editor, in the name of milk and beef, in the name of all that is produced from the general farm management, (I do not include horticulture or market gardening,) I proclaim grass "king" of all crops. *Green and dry, it is the foundation of all good and economical farming. Grass properly cut and cured will make as many pounds of beef as it will green.* And he who causes to grow two blades of this precious crop where but one grew before, is a public benefactor as much now as ever.

Vassalboro, Me., Feb. 25, 1882.

MARKETING CATTLE.

The Chicago *Drovers' Journal* has a sensible article on marketing cattle, and winds up as follows: "The month's business caused dissatisfaction to everybody, the consumer as well as the producer and middle men, because the cattle were thin in flesh as a rule and dressed very poorly. Dull and heavy markets seemed rather to increase than to lessen the supplies, for as is apt to be the case when values show weakness, people hurry to market their stock before there is further loss, and thus defeat their own plans. It is true, corn is scarce, but it is not as scarce as good cattle will be at the rate half-fat droves are being crowded to market. A man in the business here remarked the other day that "corn is scarce and high now, and cattle are plentiful and cheap, but in a little while things will change, and corn will be plentiful and cheap, while corn-fat cattle will be scarce and dear." This is putting the case a little strongly, perhaps, because this is not very good weather, and while there will be no serious want felt, there will probably not be enough corn come to light to make it a drug on the market, but the general truth of the statement does not seem now to be exaggerated very greatly.

☞ It has been discovered that cabbages may be prevented from rotting after freezing simply by cutting them open, or by making one or two incisions in them with a knife. After freezing, the cabbage commences to decay in the centre, caused by the heating inside. When opened sufficiently to let out the heated gases and to enable them to become cool at the centre, they will not decay. A lady is entitled to the credit of making this very important discovery.

MIDDLESEX NORTH AGRICULTURAL FAIR, 1881.

BY G. M. BAKER.

Official Report to the State Board of Agriculture.

In compliance with the appointment of the Board, it was my pleasant duty to attend the Annual Fair of the Middlesex North Agricultural Society at Lowell, Sept. 27th and 28th, 1881.

The grounds of the Society are pleasantly situated about one mile from the heart of the city and contain about fourteen acres. A building two stories high with a basement affords ample space for its accommodation. The basement is used for the exhibition of poultry, vegetables, etc.,—the first floor for fruits, manufactures and the products of home industry, and the second story for the annual farmer's dinner.

A half mile track offers the horse a favorable opportunity to display his speed and endurance for the benefit of his owner and the entertainment of the people.

In fine, all the arrangements (not excepting the officers who appeared to be live men and awake to their respective duties) were ample for the successful exhibition of any agricultural society.

The exhibition, while not so extensive in its several departments as in some other societies of the Commonwealth, was generally of a quality to do credit to the contributors, and as a whole, we should say that it averaged fairly with a majority of the societies, which it has been our fortune to visit.

The farmer's dinner on the second day was a very enjoyable occasion. Some 600 ladies and gentlemen sat down to a feast, that was *all* both in *quality* and *variety*, that any reasonable man could desire. After the tables were seated—the caterer marched into the hall followed by his assistants in military procession, inspired by martial music, and after filing through the several aisles, all found their allotted place. This was a beautiful sight with one exception—for *all* were beautiful young ladies—the exception was a gentleman. We could have tolerated the quality of the entertainment by simply listening to the address that followed, for the mirth and wit could hardly have been inspired by an ordinary repast.

Perhaps we should not omit other entertainments of the occasion—the bicycle and horse races, and last but not least a Professor Somebody, who with his wheelbarrow and rope, drove mounted a rope some seventy feet from the ground, and after cooking and eating his dinner in mid air, again returned to terra firma. This closed a very pleasant and we trust a profitable occasion to those who were present to enjoy it.

On the first day of the Fair we confess to disappointment that so few people were present, within the limits of a city, one would suppose that the grounds would be filled. But it was not so. And it has been our experience, that cattle shows in the country or in rural districts are much better attended and appreciated than near large towns or cities. On the second day some 2000 persons were present.

It was my pleasure to visit the farm of one of Lowell's enterprising sons, who utilizes the waste of that city for the production of his crops. By peculiar mechanical appliances, he is enabled to remove the offensive material from the city without the escape of objectional odor. And after using it through nature's laboratory,—transmitting it into abundant crops—he returns it again to the city for its nourishment and support.

Methinks the time may come when instead of tunnelling the ocean for the escape of such material, it may be sought for as one of the best fertilizers when properly manipulsted—that can be obtained—and that too, without money and without price.

THE CORN-FODDER CROP.

[Country Gentleman.]

There has been some discussion on the amount of green corn-fodder which may be grown on an acre of land for ensilage, and some of the figures which have been given have been reduced partly by estimate from narrow areas, and others have been the result of actual measurement of the whole ground. Measuring the load, every one of which is not actually weighted, is liable to error. The easiest and most certain way is to measure the cubic fees of the pressed ensilage, and allowing 46 pounds to the cubic foot, the exact amount is very nearly reached. The crop the past season in this State was very much reduced by drouth; the year previous, the largest crop within our knowledge (raised by Whitman & Burrell of Little Falls), extending over several acres, was 28 green tons per acre. This crop grew on land naturally very rich, and it was besides heavily manured before the corn was sown. Another crop, extending over several acres, on the farm of B. A. Avery of Syacuse, yielded 21 tons per acre. The weight in both these instances was determined by measuring the contents in the silo. Several statements were given at the late ensilage convention at New York, of the amount obtained per acre, nearly all of which were below those above stated. W. M. White of New York planted in drills 32 inches apart and obtained 11 1-10 tons per acre. He obtained only half as much by sowing broadcast. Mr. Wright obtained 350 tons from 40 acres, or about 9 tons to the acre, the amount being much reduced by the drouth. J. W. Walcott, of Canton, Mass., raised 460 tons on 34 acres, or at the rate of about 14 tons to the acre. He had never been able to get more than 20 tons to the acre of large Southern corn. C. W. Mills, of Pompton, N. J., was the only speaker present who had much exceeded these amounts, his estimate being 700 tons from 12 acres, or 58 tons per acre, but he admitted that he had had neither measured the product nor the land.

Several measured reports were given of the cost of ensilage. Mr. Goodwin, of Chesbrough county, N. Y., had found the cost of harvesting and filling to be 75 cents a ton. Mr. Wilcott had raised the corn and put it in the silo for $2.55 per ton, counting land, manure and labor, of which an exact account was kept. A statement from Dr. W. B. Eager, of Nebraska, placed the cost of raising the corn at 25 cents per ton, and 67 cents for cutting and packing, making 92 cents in all, for that region of rich and cheap land. O. B. Potter called attention to the fact that less labor is required to harvest and store ensilage, as no care is required to shock and preserve it in drying.

THE MISREPRESENTED MOLE.

[London Graphic.]

Who is there among dwellers in the country who has not seen dead moles hanging on sticks in the fields, or has not heard of farmers paying money for their capture? A correspondent, however, suggests that farmers may have been making a serious and cruel mistake. "I have had," he says, "a field of wheat full of moles all the year without doing it the least possible injury; but, on the contrary, I verily believe that up to harvest they did my crop good. Again, it is said moles eat seed corn, but this is a great mistake, for I have examined the stomachs of scores, but never found a single grain of corn in one of them. I believe 60,000 bushels of seed corn are annually destroyed by wire-worms." The mole, of course, is a great enemy to this subterranean pest.

Correspondence.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

"ENSILAGE" DISCUSSION AT GRAFTON.

BY O. B. HADWEN.

The discussion at Grafton, upon "Silos" and "Ensilage" crops, brought out some practical experience that furnishes questions for discussion that will have a tendency to develope and bring to light principles governing these subjects hitherto involved in doubt and uncertainty. The secret of the extraordinary success by which green crops are preserved is not yet solved, however nearly a solution may have been approximated. The principles Mr. Mills endeavored to instill into the minds of his hearers to preserve ensilage, were, promptness in gathering, cutting, and storing in the silo, and when in their most succulent, and nutritive condition, to be immediately followed by sufficient, uniform, and constant pressure, equal to force the air from the ensilage, essential for its preservation.

Every common farmer knows the vast difference between green food and dry; he knows they are specifically different, and the effects from their use is apparent. Butter made from grass fed in June, has an aroma and color which is lost in the butter made from the dried grass. The apple, peach and fruits of all kinds, in drying lose constituent elements which cannot be reinstated or supplied.

While chemistry determines with wonderful accuracy the constituents of plants it seems to fail to accurately determine the difference in nutritious value of green and dry food. So much is dissipated in the process of analysis, that it seems to the practical farmer that a very great loss has taken place, that other constituents than pure water have been lost, or as Mr. Mills puts it, the water contains nutritive matter in solution, when it escapes from vegetable matter, as it does special or atmospheric fertilizers, when it descends to the earth. I pretend not to say wherein this difference consists; this, chemistry has not reached. I am not, therefore, entirely satisfied with any account which chemistry has given relative to the value of green and dried food. But the specific qualities of good ensilage will add an element and variety to the winter food of animals, which cannot fail to serve a good purpose, if we accept the proof which is every day increasing in this direction, and contrary to the principles practiced with forage crops from the settlement of the country up to the present time. If this new system in its infancy, is giving such satisfactory results, time will perfect and simplify the judicious and economical use of forage crops.

THE TESTING OF SEEDS.

A correspondent of the *Germantown Telegraph* advises farmers of the expediency of testing the germinating powers of the seeds which they intend to sow this spring, and says:

"I learned by dear-bought experience last spring that it would not do to depend upon appearance alone in the matter of sowing oats. I put in six acres with as nice bright oats as ever was, and for aught I knew perfectly clear of any bad smell; but it failed to germinate, or at least not more than one-third of it ever came up. I consequently resolved never again to sow oats without first trying it it would properly germinate, which is very easily done by taking a handful and putting it in a vessel filled with earth and setting it in a warm place. If it does not show evident signs of growing in eight or ten days, I would procure other seed and thus save much vexation and trouble, besides the loss consequent upon reaping a crop of weeds instead of grain.

"Also, as to the matter of saving seed-corn. My practice for several years past has been to select the best and ripest ears of corn in the fall when we are gathering the general crop, and place them on slated shelves, where they will lay exposed to the air so the heart may be perfectly dry before extreme freezing weather sets in. Last fall we adopted a different plan, selecting the corn as usual, but instead of placing the ears on shelves, we nailed narrow strips on the under side of the joist in a warm wagon-house, and piled the ears up to the floor. Space is thus economized, and it has the advantage of a warmer atmosphere through the winter. This perhaps is the best plan in such an almost unprecedented cold winter as the last."

POTATOES UNDER STRAW.

[American Agriculturist.]

Several years ago there was much said about growing potatoes under straw, and we published at the time several reports from those who had tried the method with success. Interest in the subject appears to be renewed, to judge from inquiries. The method is very simple; the land is prepared in the usual manner and the rows marked off; the sets are dropped along the rows and very slightly or not at all, covered with soil. The whole field, or bed, is then covered with eight or ten inches thickness of old straw. Nothing more is required until digging time, unless some strong weeds should make their way through the straw, and these may be pulled. It is claimed that the yield is larger and the potatoes are much handsomer than those treated in the usual manner.

FREEMARTINS BREEDING.

[Country Gentleman.]

It is often asserted, and many breeders are positive, that a freemartin cow will not breed. As I have one that has bred, it may be of interest to many of the readers of your valuable paper to know the facts. On the 17th day of January, 1880, Rhodomela dropped freemartins. The bull calf was dropped first, the cow calf immediately after. On the 29th day of April, 1881, we noticed the latter was in heat, although only 15

faculty known as "gumption" you will not need to devote more than three or four of your young crowers to the cause of education. After you are dead sure that you understand the *modus operandi* go ahead and try your hand on the living cockerels. If you have or can make a rack that will hold the fowls in position, all right, but if not, draw the wings back and fasten with a broad strip of cloth; draw the legs back and tie with another strip; then let some one hold the fowl firmly on the table, one hand on the legs, the other holding the wings and head, while you perform the operation. The point to make the incision is a spot near the hip joint and between the last two ribs. Draw the skin backward, so that it may slip forward again after the operation to cover the wound in the flesh; pick off the feathers from a space an inch square or so, and with a sharp knife make a cut an inch and a half long through the skin, then another through the flesh between the ribs, and lastly through the thin membrane that lines the abdominal cavity, taking care not to injure the intestines, and be sure that you make a clean cut every time—no ragged edges. Separate the ribs by attaching one of the hooks on the splint to each and then allowing the splint to spread; push the intestines away with the teaspoon handle, find the testicles, take hold of the tissue that covers them and hold it with the tweezers, tear it open with the hook, take hold of the spermatic cord with the tweezers, and with the forceps twist off the testicle. Remove the other in the same way, then take out the splint, allow the skin to resume its place, and then stick on some feathers to absorb the blood and cover the wound. During the operation take care not to injure the intestines, or rupture the large blood vessels attached to the testicles. Give plenty of water, and feed sparingly on soft cooked food for a few days after the operation.

Cocke.els that are intended for capons should be shut up without food or drink for twenty-four hours previous to the operation, for if the intestines are full the operation will be difficult and attended with danger.

Now that I have given you the method of the experts I will tell you of my way. After making the incision I separate the ribs, push the intestines away, introduce the fore-finger well-oiled, scratch off the testicles with the finger nail and bring them out with the finger; then I close the edges of the cut in the flesh, take two or three stitches with the curved needle and white sewing silk, let the skin resume its place, and stick on a few of the feathers that were removed. I am inclined to think that my way of caponizing requires more dexterness if in the operator than when instruments are used, and I shall not advise any one to try it until after they are able to use the instruments successfully. I caponized several hundred with the instruments before I found I could get along faster than the hired man who worked with them.

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAR. 11, 1882.

Senator Edmunds favors the Chinese bill now before the Senate.

Secretary Forster's speech at Tullamore, in Ireland, gives great satisfaction in England for its timeliness and true courage, and has made a profound impression on the Irish people.

The failure of the banking house of Chas. A. Sweet & Co. of this city, this week, occasioned much surprise, but the firm stands ready to meet all its obligations, its assets considerably exceeding its liabilities.

The emigration from Germany to this country for the present year is expected to be larger than ever. Between twelve and thirteen thousand emigrants left Hamburg for the United States during January and February.

A bill has been introduced into the British Parliament, excluding atheists from both branches of Parliament. If it becomes a law, then members who may afterwards become atheists are liable to expulsion for the same reason.

The ocean steamer City of Berlin, which was towed into this port by the Samaria, has been taken into dock at South Boston for repairs, where she will remain for three or four weeks and then proceed to New York with her cargo, except that which has already been forwarded by rail.

The vacant seat on the Supreme Court Bench which was declined by Mr. Conkling was informally tendered by the President to Senator Edmunds, and after due consideration declined, on the ground of his health, which requires the relaxation from business which a senatorial office allows him.

The reports of the devastation of the floods in the Mississippi Valley continue to be made, and from them the devastation caused is much greater than at first believed. Large numbers of people are making earnest appeals to the Government for aid. The heavy rains have continued to fall in some of the inundated districts, and matters are growing worse all the while.

THE RAILROAD QUESTION.

The discussion by the public journals o the subject of a railroad commission to supervise interstate commerce, has brought out many thoughts in relation to the subject, some of them of a striking character. Among others, it is urged that the railroad problem is for us what the agitation over the possession of landed property is to older countries. Landed property has had to submit to partial confiscation in a number of countries, because of the hostility to absolute proprietorship. France has passed through the process under circumstances of extreme confusion and unbridled violence. Ireland is going through it to-day. England's turn is surely drawing near.

In the United States, it is railroad property that menaces the public interests and rights, and therefore it is held that railroads ought not to be regarded as private property any longer. This kind of property, remarks a New York conservative journal, affects the interests of commerce and agriculture and manufactures at so many points as to make the private property untenable, and to make stock interference not only justifiable but imperative, for the very reasons which call for the existence of government at all. It thinks, therefore, that there will be State interference here with railroad management before long. In fact, it says, there must be. Railroads are private proverty, but only with serious limitations. The State is called on to interfere no more than is absolutely necessary, and to diminish as little as possible their attractiveness as an investment for prudent people.

MR. FORSTER AT TULLAMORE.

Secretary Forster, in his visit to Tullamore, County Kings, Ireland, addressed a crowd from a hotel window, saying he had come to the disturbed districts to see for himself whether the reports of outrages were true, as they came in to Dublin Castle. He said he was sorry to have found them to a great extent true. His impression was that the people had it in their own power to stop them, which are a disgrace to the name of Ireland, and which would not occur either in Great Britain or on the continent. The Irish soldiers are brave enough, said he, but the Irish people lack the determination to make a stand against those around them, or against a noisy minority. Those who commit the outrages, he said, were broken down men and violent, reckless boys.

Whether yes—said Mr. Forster—stop them or not, it is the duty of the Government to do so, and it is especially his duty to stop them. *We will*, he added. There may be bad landlords, but that does not excuse the burning of houses, the torturing of animals, the killing of men. There is no ill feeling in England toward Ireland, said he. We know that you have been a miserably and badly governed country; that the English government of past days has done many cruel and very unjust things to Ireland, and has allowed many to be done. We wish to undo that, make you prosperous, rich and powerful as ourselves; but we see these terrible outrages, and hardly know how to do so. As soon as we can say that outrages have fairly ceased, the suspects will be released.

THE DOG QUESTION.

The hearing before the Committee on Agriculture, at the State House, on the subject of protection for sheep against the ravages of dogs, has awakened a wider interest than usual this year and brought a new class of men to the front, who have a claim to put in for the dogs as well as for the sheep. The amendment that has been proposed to the existing dog law aims to make it still more rigid in its operation, by compelling the owners of all dogs that destroy sheep to pay the owners of the sheep for their loss. That would seem to be no more than right on the face of it.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was represented before the Committee, and its President submitted a number of points to their consideration, which are given in another part of our present issue. Both he and his associates, as well as a large number who actively sympathize with the purpose he has in view, hold that there are good and serviceable dogs as well as vicious and worthless ones; and that, while the utmost protection should be guaranteed to the sheep, the dog question may be made available for helping to secure it. The two questions, it is confidently believed, are capable of harmonizing and thus of leading to the best practical results. Mr. Angell touches on other points beside that of dogs, as will be seen from this communication.

Bells, goats and barbed wire fences are all useful in their way, and will no doubt prove of great service in protecting sheep; but the real thing is to make the dogs themselves protect instead of worrying and destroying the flocks. The Scotch collie is a dog that is specially adapted to this purpose, having been trained to it for generations, and exhibiting a degree of intelligence in the performance of this work that is truly marvellous, matching in quality anything human. It is proposed to remove the regular tax from this valuable breed of dogs' that they may thereby come into immediate general service. At present it is very rare to find pure specimens of the breed in Massachusetts, and it would be necessary to import them for multiplication.

They are employed in Scotland to a very large extent, where, as Mr. Angell observed, they give actual value by their shepherd services to land that would otherwise be useless. In Spain there are thousands of them engaged in tending the flocks. And they are rapidly coming into use in Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, and California. They are as complete a protection against other dogs as against wild animals; and in herding cows, keeping turkeys from straggling, and guarding farm poultry generally from all kinds of marauders they would be found invaluable in agricultural work. The stories of the unexampled sagacity of these collies are very numerous and intensely interesting.

There is a pleasant fiction prevalent in relation to the present dog tax, that it is raised for the sake of being applied to the protection of sheep. But nothing could be further from the fact in most instances. The towns collecting the tax devotes it to such uses as they think fit; some to the support of public libraries, and some to other uses. If the tax is imposed for the sake of providing protection, it should by law be devoted to that and to nothing else. At present it amounts simply to a license to keep dogs to do about as they please. If such dogs destroy sheep, their owners go behind their licenses for protection against damages. And that is the reason of the present amendment to the law, making the owners of vicious dogs, even though licensed, pay all the cost of losses by them.

But there is a step beyond this, which is that of making the dogs themselves the protectors of sheep, as the collies notoriously are. The dog question would thus be met on both sides; they would not only guard the sheep, but keep off other dogs as well. Those who now pay taxes on their dogs, therefore, could well afford to favor the remission of the tax to the collies, since the latter would guarantee them against all liabilities under the amendment that is now proposed to the law. Here is clearly the ground on which the dog question can be satisfactorily settled, with perfect protection guaranteed to the owners of sheep. And inasmuch as it will take time to introduce and multiply the collie breed to such an extent as to supply farmers the protection they clearly require and have a right to demand, it is right that the proposed amendment to the existing dog law should be adopted, making all owners of dogs responsible for the full damage done to flocks by their ravages. Thus much, too, should be conceded by the dog owning class in return for the consent of the former to remit the tax on collies until such time as they shall become sufficiently abundant to be serviceable.

THE RESERVE FUND.

Congress is engaged, through its committees, with a bill whose object it is to fix unalterably the amount of the reserve fund in the Treasury for the redemption of United States notes. One proposition is to make it 110 millions in gold and silver; and another is to make it 100 in gold and silver; and still another is to establish it at 110 millions gold exclusively. All this is only in committee. The necessity for a reserve in the Treasury for the redemption of greenbacks is not everywhere appreciated; even if understood, as it should be. While everything is going on swimmingly, a reserve against currency is scarcely thought of at all.

But the essence of paper currency being a promise, it is of course to a very large extent credit for that reason. The United States notes, like all other paper issues, are accepted and passed around on the faith that is put in the ability of the Government to pay. The object of having a reserve is to support and strengthen that faith, though the reserve is not liable ever to be called for. Should disaster overtake us, its effects will be greatly mitigated by the unswerving faith in the Government, to which the existence of a sufficient reserve fund has largely contributed. Against a currency of over 700 millions we have only what guarantees the reserve fund in the Treasury supplies.

THE WALKING MANIA.

It is no nearer decided now than it was, how many miles a man can walk in six consecutive working days of a week. The trial just ended in New York showed six hundred miles for that time, but the winner assured his backers that he could just as easily go 625 miles, or even 640. The go-as-you-please system is hardly to be called a fair walking test, since a good walker may not be a runner at all, and the latter can in that case break him down easily. As for the style of gait advocated with so much preciseness, that at best is only an arbitrary matter, or a point of fancy. It is endurance, simple physical endurance, that decides all such contests.

The winner of the recent match, Hazael, was an even, handsome runner, it is said but an ungainly and awkward walker. He runs with ease, but walks with effort. It is conceded to him that he can make 650 miles in 142 hours. His ability to recuperate from fatigue is said to be as remarkable as that of Weston. The exact usefulness of any such test as has just been made it is not easy to see. If there is any general interest to be felt in walking, it is on the score of simple endurance. But walking may be overdone, so as to hurt more than help the one addicted to it. Mr. Gladstone, now past seventy, will make his forty miles a day; but we have no idea he can do it every day. These exhibitions are of no service except to emphasize the walking habit so as to make it popular.

REASONS FOR LEAVING.

The Rev. Mr. Bevan, an English nonconformist clergyman, who has been preaching in a New York city church for the past five years, is going back to England again, and gives the following reasons for it: while he leaves only with sincere regret, having become strongly attached to his parish, he says he has a positive liking for the climate of London, which is a sort of meat and drink for him. Though the American climate is brighter and pleasanter to live in, he says it is not really so bracing as the London climate, fogs included. He says that professional men in London do more hard work, with a smaller loss of vital power, than they do here. Lawyers, doctors, clergymen, and others, do not think much of working twelve hours a day in London.

Business men here, he says, accomplish no more work than Londoners, but use up twice the strength in doing it. Then, he says, professional men here, especially clergymen, are restricted to purely professional work in a fashion that is not dreamed of in London. Here, a clergyman cannot go outside of his purely professional work; he is not expected to work for the good of his fellow-men except in certain well-defined lines. In England, the clergy of the Established Church are frequently Justices of the Peace. And again, he said, take fifty average Englishmen, and it is ten to one there will be a different opinion to each of them. No two will think alike. All allow a liberty of discussion, and give one another a fair hearing, which is not the case here. Take fifty Americans, and they will break into ten groups, the members of each group thinking alike, believing in each other, and looking askance at all the rest. He believes it a result of our caucus system, that sends a man to Congress merely to express cut-and-dried opinions. He hopes never to see the system introduced in England.

CONGRESS.

The Chinese immigration bill is still under consideration in the Senate. Senator Dawes has opposed it, and Senator Edmunds advocated it. A bill was introduced to provide relief for American shipping. A bill was reported from the finance committee in favor of refunding the $10 silver certificates. Also, one was introduced to punish the unlawful certification of checks by officers of national banks, with an amendment extending its penalty to officers who shall resort to any device, or receive any fictitious obligation for pretended collateral, in order to evade the existing law against over-certification. In the House, an attempt was made to take up the tariff-commission bill in committee of the whole, but was overruled on a point of order being made. The agricultural appropriation bill was proceeded with. A bill was passed appropriating $20,000 for the erection of a statue to Chief Justice Marshall in Washington. The consular and diplomatic appropriation bill was passed, and a large number of bills and resolutions were introduced and referred. An attempt was made to repeal the law imposing a fine on farmers and producers of leaf tobacco who may sell the same to consumers, and allowing them to sell to consumers without a license, or penalty, but was defeated. The Senate judiciary committee reported the Ingalls bankruptcy bill, giving United States district courts, in their equity jurisdiction, cognizance of bankruptcy matters.

THE LEGISLATURE.

The elevated railroad scheme of Mr Meigs has occupied a large share of the attention of the House, which at length voted to admit the bill, which provides for an elevated road from Boston to Cambridge, by a vote of 133 to 61. A bill was introduced to establish the office of fire-marshal in Boston. The Senate rejected the bill for the establishment of a tribunal to decide upon the exigency of railroads, by a vote of 16 to 10. The Senate asked for a conference committee on the re-districting of the State for members of Congress. An adverse report was made upon the proposed consolidation of the several commissions of the Boston city government. Railroad business shows the chief activity that prevails this week in both branches,—in the Senate by the rejection of the exigency tribunal bill reported by the railroad committee, and in the House by the warm discussion and final adoption of the measure permitting Mr. Meigs and his associates to construct and operate an elevated railroad between Cambridge and Boston, and such other towns and cities in the neighborhood of either as the public good may require, the Mayor and Aldermen of each of such cities, and the Selectmen of each of such towns as are interested first consenting and agreeing to its location. The inquiry into the management of the State Normal Art School is engrossing the attention of the committee on education.

DR. LORING IN THE NORTHWEST.

[St. Paul Pioneer-Press.]

Dr. Loring, the present Commissioner of Agriculture, is a scholarly gentleman who dignifies a position too often made ridiculous. He makes the most of the slender opportunities of his office to make his practical scholarship and keen observations useful to the important industry whose interests are committed to his charge. Instead of devoting his attention to the conducting of costly sensational experiments, he supplements the meagre routine duties of his office by making thoughtful and practical addresses to assemblies in the agricultural interest. He has made several such addresses, both in the East and in the West, and they have invariably justified the high expectations raised by his selection for the office. It was fitting that Dr. Loring should be chosen to deliver the first of the series of lectures to farmers, planned by the professor of agriculture at the University of Minnesota. His address was of that broad and comprehensive character his national position authorizes him to make. The mutual inter-relations of production, consumption and exchange it considered are the deepest and most important facts of our industrial life. Not the least important and interesting part of the address is Dr. Loring's lucid expression of his practical conception of the function of the Commissioner of Agriculture, as an auxiliary force to the associated effort of the whole agricultural interest of the country, to improve the character of our farming, to encourage scientific education of farmers, to stamp out noxious insects and diseases of domestic animals, and to collect information of universal application and use. It is respectfully submitted that this is better than raising tes in Washington.

☞ The nineteenth annual report of the Trustees of the Massachusetts Agricultural College has been issued as a House document from the press of Rand, Avery & Co., State Printers. It is a pamphlet that will command universal interest and do good service for the college.

CAN SLEEP WITHOUT ANODYNE.—*Since using Compound Oxygen my sleep is natural and good.* My spirits are in a much more healthy condition. *I have no need of anodynes*—have more natural strength than for years past." So writes a patient. Treatise on "Compound Oxygen" sent free. DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, Philadelphia, Pa.

AN UNUSUAL FURORE.

A Recent Excitement Investigated by the Medical Profession—Results Made Public.

[Cleveland, O., Herald.]

A few weeks ago we copied into our columns from the Rochester, N. Y. *Democrat and Chronicle* "A Remarkable Statement," made by J. B. Henion, M. D., a gentleman who is well known in this city. In that article Dr. Henion recounted a wonderful experience which befel him, and a few days thereafter we published from the same paper a second article, giving an account of the "Excitement in Rochester," caused by Dr. Henion's statement. In the first article Dr. Henion stated that for a number of years, up to last June, he had been afflicted with what seemed at first a most mysterious trouble. He felt unaccountably tired at frequent intervals; he had dull and indefinite pains in various parts of his body and head, and was very hungry one day and entirely without appetite the next. However, as a physician he thought, and so did his fellow physicians, that he was suffering from malaria.

But yet he grew worse, and was finally obliged to give up a large and lucrative practice. Still he was not conscious of his danger, nor that a monstrous disease was becoming fixed upon him, although all his organs had become gradually weakened. The symptoms above detailed continued, accompanied by others of an aggravated nature, and he noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluids he was passing; that they were always dark and very strong the next, and were covered with froth, or filled with brick dust sediment. But even then he did not realize his real and alarming condition. At last, however, he was brought face to face with the fact that he was the victim of a most terrible disease, and he made heroic efforts for recovery. He travelled extensively and consulted the best physicians, but they could give him only temporary relief, and that principally in the form of morphine. And so he grew steadily and constantly worse until his life became a torture. His pulse was uncontrollable. He lived wholly by injections, and for six days and nights he had the hiccoughs constantly, which are considered the sure indications of coming death.

When hope and life were nearly exhausted his pastor, the Rev. Dr. Foote, rector of St. Paul's church, strongly urged him to try a means which the reverend gentleman had seen used with remarkable results. He objected at first, but finally consented, and was conscious of an improved condition in a few hours. His pains gradually disappeared; his stomach resumed digestion; his heart became regular; his breathing was restored; he had no more chills and fever, or acidity of the stomach; he gained twenty-six pounds in three months, and is a well man to-day, being entirely cured of a most protracted case of Bright's disease.

Although conscious of the consequences from his professional brethren, still as a duty to his fellow men and accordance with a vow he made e what he thought was his dying bed, he publishes a card detailing his illness and remarkable cure. "Since my recovery," he says, "I have thoroughly re-investigated the subject of kidney difficulties and Bright's disease, and I believe MORE THAN ONE-HALF THE DEATHS WHICH OCCUR IN AMERICA ARE CAUSED BY BRIGHT'S DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS. It has no distinctive symptoms of its own (indeed, it often develops without any pain whatever in the kidneys or their vicinity,) but has the symptoms of nearly every other complaint, and is known as dyspepsia or liver complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia," and other common complaints when in reality it was Bright's disease of the kidneys. Few physicians, and fewer people, are aware of the fearful extent or its dangerous and insidious nature. It steals into the system like a thief, manifests its presence by the commonest symptoms, and fastens itself upon its victim before the victim is aware. It is nearly as hereditary as consumption, quite as common and fully as fatal. Entire families, inheriting it from their ancestors, have died out, and yet none of the number knew or realized the mysterious power which was removing them. Instead of common symptoms it often shows some other disease, but brings death slowly and as such is usually supposed to be heart disease.

The second article entitled "Excitement in Rochester," was made up of interviews with Dr. Henion himself, who confirmed all said in his card, and also with Mr. H. H Warner. The latter gentleman in regard to Dr. Henion's case as particularly exceptional, because he had known of very many such cures by the same means in all parts of the land. Kidney diseases, he said, are carrying off ten of thousands every year, while Bright's disease is increasing 250 per cent. a decade, and yet the people do not realize it or seek to check it until too late. He related how a New Orleans medical professor, lecturing on this disease, thinking to show his class what healthy fluids were, subjected some of his own to a chemical analysis, and to his horror found a suspicion of it before, discovered that he, too, had the dreaded disease, which proves fatal in less than a year. There was also an interview with the celebrated chemist of the New York State Board of Health, Dr. S. A. Lattimore, who said he had analyzed the remedy which cured Dr. Henion, and found that it was "entirely free from any poisonous or deleterious substance."

We have made these condensations in order that all the material facts may be set before our readers. Dr. Henion's statements, in this series of articles, having been besieged with letters of inquiry, we sent a communication to Dr. Henion and also one to H. H. Warner & Co., asking if any additional proof could be given as to the validity of the statements published. In answer thereto we have received the following letters, which add interest to the entire subject and wholly verify every statement hitherto made:

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Feb. 2, 1882.

GENTLEMEN: Your favor is received. The published statements, over my signatures, to which you refer, is true in every respect, and I owe my life and present health wholly to the power of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. It is not necessary that I should enlarge upon the statement I made, for my recovery was as great a marvel to myself, and as to my physicians and friends. * * *

J. B. HENION, M. D.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 31, 1882.

SIRS: Acknowledging your favor of inquiry received, we would say: The best proof we can give you that the statements made by Dr. Henion are entirely true, and would not have been published unless strictly so, is the following testimonial from the best citizens of Rochester, and a card published by Rev. Dr. Foote, which you are at liberty to use if you may see fit.

H. H. WARNER & CO.

To Whom it may Concern:

In the issue of the *Democrat and Chronicle* of December 31, 1881, there appeared a statement in the form of a card from Dr J. B. Henion, of this city, recounting the remarkable recovery from Bright's disease of the kidneys, after one of the several doctors of prominence had given him up, by the use of a preparation manufactured in this city, and known as Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

We are personally or by reputation acquainted with Dr. Henion, and we believe we would publish the statement to be true. We are also personally or by reputation well acquainted with H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of this remedy, whose commercial and financial standing in this community is of the highest order, and we believe that they would not publish any statements which were not literally and strictly true in every particular.

C. R PARSONS, (Mayor, Rochester.)
WM. PURCELL, (Editor *Union and Advertiser.*)
W. D. SHUART, (Surrogate Monroe County.)
EDWARD A. FROST, (Clerk Monroe County.)
E. B. FENNER, (District Attorney Monroe Co.)
DANIEL T. HUNT, (Postmaster, Rochester.)
J. M.DAVY, (Ex-member Congress, Rochester.)
JOHN S. MORGAN, (Special Co. Judge, Monroe Co.)
HIRAM SIBLEY, (Capitalist and Seedsman.)
W. G. RUSHMORE, (County Judge, Monroe Co.)
JOHN VAN VOORHIS, (Member of Congress.)
CHARLES E. FITCH, (Editor *Democrat and Chronicle* and Regent of the University.)

To the Editor of the Living Church, Chicago, Ill:

Will you allow the following card, personal to myself, to appear in your widely circulated paper?

There was published in the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* of the 31st of December last, a statement made by J. B. Henion, M. D., narrating how he had been cured of Bright's disease of the kidneys, almost in its last stages, by the use of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. I was referred to in that statement, as having recommended and urged Dr. Henion to try the remedy, which he did, and was cured.

Now the republishing of his statement in many of the leading journals of the day has been the cause of an incessant flow of letters to me making many inquiries, but chiefly whether the statement is true, or a mere advertising dodge, etc., etc.

I beg, therefore, to anticipate any further inquiries and save time and labor, and *some* post age, by saying that the statement of Dr. Henion is true, so far as it concerns myself, and I believe it to be true in other respects. He is a parishioner of mine, and I visited him in his sickness. I urged him to take the medicine, and would do the same again to any one who was troubled with a disease of the kidneys and liver.

ISRAEL FOOTE, (D. D.)
Rector of St. Paul's Church.

Rochester, N. Y., Jan. 28, 1882.

Belknap Co. N. H., Farmers' Convention.—A two days' meeting was held on Wednesday and Thursday of the present week, at Laconia, N. H., by the New Hampshire State Board of Agriculture, which was one of the largest and most interesting of the series of meetings held by the Board during the winter A number of subjects were presented to the meeting, in an intrinsic manner, by members of the Board:—stock-raising, ensilage, fertilizers, diseases of animals, implements, fruit-culture, and *grass* and grain growing. Prof. Pettee, of the College of Agriculture, lectured on meteorology, and other well-known speakers interested the assembled farmers. General discussion took place on the subjects that were presented.

Board of Agriculture in New Hampshire has done good work throughout the State this season, the results of which are certain to make themselves manifest.

☞ *The Eureka Road Machine* is pronounced by those who have used it the best machine for its work that is to be had any where. From one-half to three fourths of the expense of repairing roads, it is claimed, is saved by its use. It is the only machine of the kind that can do heavy work with the control of a single man. There is no clogging of the dirt in front of the machine; it is not obstructed by coming in contact with grass, hay, brush, etc.; the driver does not have to stop the team while the machine is in operation, or to raise the scraper. The art of roadmaking is not likely to be practised in New England or elsewhere except with a machine that will work as this does. Good roads are the proofs of an advanced civilization, and bad ones are like old hats and coats stuck into windows where only glass is needed. The Eureka Road Machine is manufactured by Kimball Brothers, Littleton, Mass.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

[OFFICIAL.]

By his Excellency
JOHN D. LONG, Governor,

A PROCLAMATION

For a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer.

WHEREAS it is in accordance with a good and ancient custom so to do:—

Now, therefore, I, John D. Long, governor, by and with the advice and consent of the council, do appoint Thursday the sixth day of April next, to be kept throughout the Commonwealth as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer to Almighty God.

"Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke."

Given at the council chamber, in Boston, this twenty-third day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-two, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and sixth.

JOHN D. LONG.

By his excellency the governor, with the advice of the council.

HENRY B. PIERCE,
Secretary.

God Save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

A shocking murder occurred in this city at an early hour on Tuesday morning, a woman having been stabbed in the neck by a man who followed her into the storm-door of her own house, the door closing of itself behind them. Neither the man nor the motive for the deed is known, and the officers are actively engaged in trying to apprehend the guilty person. He passed a couple of policemen directly after committing the deed, to whom he was pointed out by the man who saw him follow the woman into the outer entrance of her house, and who informed them that he had probably used violence upon her, though he had no idea of what had been done.

— The New Orleans Picayune has the news that the hackmen of Niagara Falls will decide at an early day on a World's Fair at that central locality.

— A dollar saved is worth two dollars borrowed.

— Rev. Joseph Cook is lecturing in India, though without working any revolution as yet.

— Eighty-five thousand dollars are asked of the Government to defray the expenses incident to the scientific observation of the transit of Venus, next December.

— The late Dr. Bellows of New York owned a small farm in Walpole, N. H., which he bequeathed by his will to his son and daughter by his first wife.

— The wife of Gladstone, who is now seventy years old, has had eight children, all of whom are now living but one. She was married on the same day with her sister.

— Six chiefs of the agricultural and pastoral tribes of the Pueblo Indians are coming East to perform a religious ceremony at Plymouth Rock.

☞ The difference is seen at once between fields of corn fertilized with Bradley's Phosphates, and those treated with barn manure. Sa ys Mr. Dan'l W. Cogswell, of Essex, Mass., Dec. 16, 1881: I believe the victim is as sure of corn, spreading broadcast about twenty loads of barn manure, and putting about one spoonful of Bradley's Phosphate in the hill, except on two acres through the middle of the field, and one hill in another part of the field, as experiments to test the results of the Phosphate. The difference could be seen all summer, than with the Phosphate looking much larger and better than the other. The crop was sixty bush-ls of shelled corn of the best quality.

THE DOCTORS DISAGREE as to the best methods and remedies, for the cure of constipation and disordered liver and kidneys. But those that have used Kidney-Wort, are sure that it is by far the best medicine known. Its action is prompt, thorough and lasting. Don't take pills, and other mercurials that poison the system, but try using Kidney-Wort—you can rest chiefly whether the statement is true, or a mere advertising dodge, etc., etc.

I beg, therefore, to anticipate any further inquiries and save time and labor, and *some* post age, by saying that the statement of Dr. Henion is true, so far as it concerns myself, and I believe it to be true in other respects. He is a parishioner of mine, and I visited him in his sickness. I urged him to take the medicine, and would do the same again to any one who was troubled with a disease of the kidneys and liver.

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MARRIAGES.

In this city, March 2nd, by Rev. P. Randolph, William H. Smith to Miss Emma Smith, both of Boston.

In Salisbury, Feb. 22d, by Rev. P. S. Evans, H. Frank Carey to Sarah E. Seavey of Salisbury.

In Taunton, March 1st, Mr. Joseph Dow to Miss Ellen Joy of Providence.

In Bunker Hill District, March 4th, by Rev. J. W. Riddle, Mr. William A. Kinnear to Miss Mary A. Cartier, both of Boston.

In Neponset, Feb 28th, by Rev. F. W. Virgin, John F. Hirth of Cambridge to Ella M. Meader of Dorchester, N. H.

In Lawrence, Feb. 28th, by Rev. G. M. Greene, S. Hill to Anna Arnold, both of Lawrence.

In Newton, Feb. 22d, by Rev. Francis Hornbrooke, Frank R. Moore of Boston to Cora B. Smith of Newton.

In Taunton, Feb. 28th, by Rev. A. B. Hervey, Edgar W. Sturgis to Mary A. Bosworth.

In North Dighton, March 1st, by Rev. O. H. Bates, Mr. Andrew Pierce to Miss Louise A. Goff, both of Rehoboth.

In Fall River, Feb. 27th, William J. Briggs of Boston to Hattie Hall of Fall River.

DEATHS.

In this city, March 3rd, Fanny M., wife of Joseph H. Bates.

In this city, March 4th, Charles W. Spooner of Plymouth.

In Charlestown District, March 5th, Mrs. Hannah S. Morton, 82 years.

In New Bedford, March 5th, Amanda Barrett, 83 years 11 months.

In Beverly, March 4th, David Lefavour, 76 years 3 months.

In Barnstable, March 6th, Louisa G. Crocker, widow of the late Frederick W. Crocker, 67 years 2 months.

In Cheyenne, Wells, Col., Willard G. Story of Essex, Mass.

In Dover, N. H., Feb. 24th, of paralysis, Capt. William Chase, 75 years 8 months.

In Watertown, March 1st, Lydia Warren, wife of William Lathrop.

In New York City, March 1st, William Rice, formerly of Boston, in the 75th year of his age.

In Cohasset, March 3rd, Mrs. Myra L. Souther, 69 years 10 months.

In Belmont, Mass., March 2nd, Rev. I. F. Waterhouse, 50 years 3 months.

In Cambridge, March 2nd, Dr. Wilkes Allen.

In North Leominster, March 1st, Miss Catherine Ann Wilder, 64 years 8 months 11 days.

In Taunton, March 1st, Ichabod Bassett, 65 years 9 months 7 days.

In Newburyport, Feb. 28th, John B. Porter, 74 years 11 months.

In South Braintree, March 4th, John Tower, 77 years 9 months.

In Concord, Mass., Feb. 28th, Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett, 83 years 10 months 20 days.

In Everett, March 1st, Albert Eaton, 74 years.

In Maplewood, March 1st, John W. Freeman, 75 years 8 months 1 day.

In Woburn, March 2nd, David D. Hart, 62 years 11 months 17 days.

In Stoneham, Mass., March 4th, Sidney Wheelock, 84 years 3 months.

In Walpole, March 2nd, Handel P. Blake, 37 yrs.

In Cambridgeport, March 1st, Edwin Fairbanks, 65 years 7 months 27 days.

In Malden, Feb. 23d, William Phenix, 58 years 7 months 13 days.

In Malden, March 1st, W. Marsden Poole, 26 years 11 months 18 days.

In Needham, March 2d, Col. Warren Dewing, 85 years 9 months 15 days.

In Wilmington, Del., Feb. 27th, Sylvia Dunbar, widow of the late Henry H. Drayton of Boston.

In Norton, March 4th, Miss Ann E. Carter, daughter of the late James G. Carter of Lancaster.

In Windham, N. H., Feb. 23rd, George W. Dutton, 78 years 21 days.

In Boston Highlands, March 5th, George Kent Hooper, 82 years 6 months.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN are made pallid and unattractive by functional irregularities, which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will infallibly cure. Thousands of testimonials. By druggists.

SKINNY MEN.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility. $1. mch11-y

BOSTON PROVISION MARKET.

Pork.—Market quiet with prices only slightly changed. We quote job lots long cut at $20 00@20 50 ₱ bbl; short cut at $20 50@21 00; backs at $21 00@21 50; fat backs at $19 00@19 50; mess, $18 00@18 50; prime mess, at $18 00@18 50. **Lard** is steady at 11@11¼c in tierces; 11¾@12c in 5-lb pails; 12¼@12½c in 3-lb pails, and 12½@13c in 1-lb pails. Smoked hams are firm at 11@11¼c per lb and 12@13c for small; canvassed hams bring 13½@13¾c, and breakfast bacon, 11½@12c; smoked shoulders are sold at 8½@9c, and smoked ribs at 8½@9c ₱ lb. Dressed hogs are at 9½@9¾c ₱ lb for choice city dressed, with Western dressed at 8½@9c.

Beef.—We quote mess at $9 50@10 50 ₱ bbl; extra mess at $11 50@12 00; family and extra lots, $14 00@15 50; light plate at $13 00@13 50; beef hams at $21 00@22 50; beef tongues in bbls, at $20 00@21 00, and in half bbls at $10 00@10 50. Fresh beef.—Trade is unusually dull, and stocks are light. We quote steers at 7½@8c ₱ lb. Hinds at 9@11c; fores at 5@7c; rattles at 5½@6c; ribs at 6½@8c; rumps at 11@13c; rounds at 8@8½c; rump loins at 12@14c, and loins at 16@18c per lb. In other fresh meats trade is moderate at quotations. We quote fancy heavy mutton at 8@8c ₱ lb; common to good, 6@8c ₱ lb; choice lamb at 9½@11c; common to good at 6@8c; choice veal brings 10@11c; and common, 6@9c; choice saddles of venison are at 20@22c ₱ lb, whole venison at 10@12c.

Domestic Markets.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

BOSTON PRODUCE MARKET.

Flour.—The market was in no way improved and the demand for flour is nominal. We quote nominally as follows: Fine at $3 75@4 00 per bbl; superfine at $4 25@4 75 ₱ bbl; common extras at $5 00@5 75; choice extras at $6 50@7 25; Canada superior at $6 25@6 50; Minnesota bakers' at $7 25@7 50 ₱ bbl; Ohio and Indiana at $5 75@7 25; Michigan at $6 50@6 75 ₱ bbl; St. Louis and Southern Illinois at $7 00@7 50; choice Minnesota and Wisconsin spring wheat patents at $8 25@8 75, with some fancy brands at $9 00, and winter wheat patents at $7 50@8 00 ₱ bbl. Corn meal is dull and quiet at $3 10@3 15 ₱ bbl, with rye flour dull and easy at $5 25@5 50 ₱ bbl in a small way. Oatmeal is quiet and steady at $6 50 ₱ bbl for fine and $7 00@7 25 ₱ bbl for coarse.

Corn.—Prices firmly held at unchanged quotations. We quote high mixed at 72c ₱ bush; 70c for mixed and steamer yellow at 74c ₱ bush; steamer mixed at 73@73½c, and good new no grade at 72@73c.

Oats.—Scarce,

SEEDS AND PLANTS.

Catalogues of Seeds and Plants are to send to all who apply. Sent to thout writing. Our Stock of Vege- m Seeds comprises all the BEST strable kinds for market or home stock of Flower Seeds is unsur- lled; varieties and choice Novel- offer the most extensive collection Rare Plants to be found in this

VEY & CO.,
TH MARKET ST., BOSTON, MASS. 16

ICAL READING FOR THE MILLION!

publish a very delightful series of new books, designed to give, in an at- ly form, all needed information about y and some portions of the study of

BRARIES

will confer a great favor on the musical community by adding these books to

is remembered in the Biographical Romance "BEETHOVEN" Romantic Biography of MOZART closely follow facts.

TERS of MENDELSSOHN (2 vols. each $1.75); SCHUBERT (2 vols. each $1.50); les to into the inner masters.

ES of BEETHOVEN ($2.00); of CHOPIN ($1.50); of GOETHE ($2.00); of ROSSINI ($1.50); of VON WEBER ($1.00) and of MENDELSSOHN andard, exceedingly well written and books.

is well represented by RITTER'S HISTORY OF MUSIC (3 vols. each et and complete, while Rimon serves al collection of CURIOSITIES OF a fine entertainment. Urbino's BIO- SKETCHES OF EMINENT COM- , includes the history of some lun- ities.

METTE'S VOCAL PHILOSO- PHY ($1.50), Davis's MUSICAL INSTRUMENT (6 cts.), RT OF SINGING (8c cts.), we have for the care and training of the voice

DITSON & CO., Boston.

Channel Can Creamery.

ludes a perfect Refrigerator box FOR P SETTING. Cans are sold when sted. Only 1 the ice called for that Creameries must use. Spring or well will get all the cream. These cream- are in use all over the U. S. Before by this process will keep. Agents ed. Send for Circular.

WM. E. LINCOLN, Warren, Mass.

Wanted,

and Wife with a few hundred dollars id like to go to the Mountains of on a Farm for the summer, and super- n for the owners; keep three cows, s, Poultry and Garden—raise Corn, , Potatoes and beef; good and healthy; s will be given to the right party. Ad- dress at once to "GEORGIA," Box 2, Boston, Mass. mch14-2

Wanted,

Hire a Farm and Stock and Tools for n years, on shares. Good references.

CREIGHTON BROS., East Wilton, N. H.

MARKET, BOSTON.

tail Prices.

ly for the Ploughman, for the week ending Mar. 11.

BEEF, &c.			
Sirloin	25@28	Beef Liver	7@8
Rib roasts	20@23	Beef Tongue	10@14
Chuck	15@18	Corned Beef	7@12
Steak	18@20	Dried Beef	12@14
Round	18@20	Beef Tongue, salt	12@14
Lard, &c.			
Lard	11@12	Smoked Should's	9@10
Tierces	11@12	Smoked Ribs	9
Kettle	12@14	Sausages	11@12
Pails	12@13	Hams, Boston	12@13
Tubs	12@13	Lard, leaf	13@15
Veal and Mutton.			
Veal	10@14	Mutton, qr. & ...	10@12
Lamb	10@17	Mutton, shoul'd	10@12
Spring Lamb	20@30	Sp'g Lamb, h'f	20@30
Poultry, Game, &c.			
Turkeys	18 @ 20	Pigeons, wild, doz.	60
Chickens	25 @ 30	Pigeons, tame, do.	60
Fowls	18 @ 20	Philadel. squabs	4.00@5.00
Ducks	20	Pigeons, pair	50
Geese	20	Teal, ♥ pair	75@
Turkeys, ♥ lb	20@22	Snipe, dozen	3.00@4.50
Chickens, ♥ lb	25@30	Partridge, do.	6.00
Fowls, ♥ lb	18@20	Brant, ♥ pair	6.00
Ducks, ♥ pair	75@1.00	Yellow Legs, do	1.00
Geese, ♥ lb	20	Plover, dozen	3.00
Pigeons, ♥ pair	50	Rabbits, each	15
Venison, ♥ lb	10@12	Venison, ♥ lb	10@12
Antelope	25	Antelope	25
Pigs, roasting	3.00@4.00	Pigs, roasting	3.00@4.00
Black, pr	3.00	Black, pr	3.00
Butter, Cheese, and Eggs.			
Creamery	34@35	Fair to good do	12@13
Dairy	30@32	Farm	11@14
Northern	30@33	**Eggs.**	
Western	22@28	Eastern	21@22
Factory	20@21	Northern	20@21
Cheese	12@13	Western	20@21
		Canada	20@21
Fruit and Vegetables.			
Apples, bbl	2.50@3.00	Jacksons	2.50@3.00
Onions, bush	60@65	Onions, bbl	2.75@3.00
Beans, pea	3.00	Beans, white	3.75@4.00
Beans, mediums	3.00	Potatoes, bush	45@50
Potatoes, bush	45@50	Sweet Pot's, ♥ bbl	3.00
Sweet Pot's, ♥ bbl	3.00	Turnips, peck	40
Turnips, peck	40	Beets, bush	75@1.00
Beets, bush	75@1.00	Beans—	
Beans—		White, dry, pk	87@1.00
White, dry, pk	87@1.00	Tomatoes, cans	25
Tomatoes, cans	25	Cabbages, ♥ doz	1.00
Cabbages, ♥ doz	1.00	Carrots, peck	40
Carrots, peck	40	Parsnips, pk	40
Parsnips, pk	40	Onions, ♥ bbl	4.00@5.00
Onions, ♥ bbl	4.00@5.00	Cauliflowers	75@1.00
Cauliflowers	75@1.00	Celery, ♥ root	5@10
Celery, ♥ root	5@10	Lettuce, ♥ head	5@10
Lettuce, ♥ head	5@10	Squashes	2@3
Squashes	2@3	Hubbard, ♥ lb	2
Hubbard, ♥ lb	2	Marrow, ♥ bbl	2.00@3.00
Marrow, ♥ bbl	2.00@3.00	Turban	2
Turban	2	Cucumbers, each	15@25
Cucumbers, each	15@25	Egg Plants, ♥ doz	1.00
Egg Plants, ♥ doz	1.00	Herbs, gr'n, b'h	5
Herbs, gr'n, b'h	5	Pickles, ♥ gallon	25
Pickles, ♥ gallon	25	Cucumbers	50@75
Cucumbers	50@75	Marrows	25
Marrows	25	Limes	25
Limes	25	Lychees, Nuts, imp, box	50
Lychees, Nuts, imp, box	50	per doz	25
per doz	25	Rhubarb, ♥ doz	20
Rhubarb, ♥ doz	20	Artichokes, pk	75@1.00
Artichokes, pk	75@1.00	per dozen	10
per dozen	10	Cocoanuts	6@8
Cocoanuts	6@8	per dozen	60
per dozen	60	Chestnuts	1.00@1.25
Chestnuts	1.00@1.25	Pop Corn	1.50@2.00
Pop Corn	1.50@2.00	Shellbarks	1.75@2.00
Shellbarks	1.75@2.00	Grapes	25@75
Grapes	25@75	Oranges, ♥ box	3.50@4.50
Oranges, ♥ box	3.50@4.50	Lemons, ♥ box	3.50@4.50
Lemons, ♥ box	3.50@4.50	Bananas, ♥ bunch	1.00@2.25
Bananas, ♥ bunch	1.00@2.25	Cranberries, ♥ bush	1.00@1.25
Cranberries, ♥ bush	1.00@1.25	Cranberries, ♥ bbl	3.00@3.50
Cranberries, ♥ bbl	3.00@3.50	Pineapples, ♥ doz	2.00@3.00
Pineapples, ♥ doz	2.00@3.00	Pineapples, ♥ doz	2.00@3.00
Pineapples, ♥ doz	2.00@3.00	Pineapples, ♥ doz	2.00@3.00
Fish &c.			
Shad	5@7	Halibut	15
Salmon, S—	13	Cod	4@5
Perch, do	4	Haddock	4
White Fish	17	Mackerel	15@18
Salmon Trout	8	Bluefish	12
Brook Trout, lb	40	Flounders	6@12
Sword Fish, lb	12	Clams, gallon	60
Lobsters, lb	12	Oysters, ♥ 100	1.00@1.25
Frogs' Legs, dz	40@50	Oysters, ♥ gallon	1.00@1.25
Herring, sail'd doz	12½	Clams, gallon	60
Herring, smok'd	25	Quohaugs, sol'd, ♥ quart	10@15
♥ doz	25	Tautog	15
Tongues and Sounds, ♥ lb	15		
Scollops, q'ts	125		
Oysters, solid, ♥ gallon	1.00@1.25		
Clams, gallon	60		
Quohaugs, sol'd, ♥ quart	10@15		
Tautog	15		

ON SEED MARKET.

WHOLESALE PRICES.		RETAIL PRICES.	
Hungary, bush	1 50	Hungary, bush	2 00
Millet, bush	2 00	Millet, bush	2 50
Red Top, bush	2 50	Red Top, bush	3 00
R. I. Bent, bush	2 50	R. I. Bent, bush	3 00
Winter Rye	1 25	Winter Rye	1 50
Ky. Blue Grass	1 50	Ky. Blue Grass	2 00
Orch'd Grass, ♥ bush	2 50	Orch'd Grass, ♥ bush	3 00
Golden Millet	2 75	Golden Millet	3 25

WOOL MARKET.

WHOLESALE PRICES.		RETAIL PRICES.	
Saxony Fleece	45	Saxony Fleece	50
Full Blood	42	Full Blood	45
¾ Blood	40	¾ Blood	42
½ Blood	38	½ Blood	40
Common	35	Common	38
Pulled, extra	40	Pulled, extra	45
Pulled, No. 1	38	Pulled, No. 1	40
Pulled, No. 2	30	Pulled, No. 2	35
Super	45	Super	50
No. 1	42	No. 1	45
No. 2	40	No. 2	42
Low No. 2	38	Low No. 2	40
Coarse	35	Coarse	38
Fine Delaine	45	Fine Delaine	50
Medium	42	Medium	45
Low	40	Low	42
Coarse	38	Coarse	40
Unwashed	30	Unwashed	35
Fine	35	Fine	40
Medium	32	Medium	35
Coarse	30	Coarse	32
Black	30	Black	35
Coarse	28	Coarse	30
Pulled	35	Pulled	40
Super	40	Super	45
No. 1	38	No. 1	40
No. 2	35	No. 2	38
Low No. 2	32	Low No. 2	35
Coarse	30	Coarse	32
Fine	35	Fine	40
Medium	32	Medium	35
Coarse	30	Coarse	32
Black	30	Black	35
Coarse	28	Coarse	30
Pulled	35	Pulled	40
Super	40	Super	45
No. 1	38	No. 1	40
No. 2	35	No. 2	38
Low No. 2	32	Low No. 2	35
Coarse	30	Coarse	32

FERTILIZERS!

I HAVE constantly on hand and for sale a large supply of fertilizing material of every description,

—CONSISTING OF—

GROUND BONE,
POTASH,
SUPERPHOSPHATES,
ASHES,
STABLE MANURE,

and other fertilizing material.

I also manufacture the

Common Sense Fertilizer,

a special Fertilizer for the CULTURE OF TOBACCO.

Which of my COMMON SENSE FERTILIZER, I am now prepared to offer to the public, is a carefully prepared compost, and contains all the needful Plant food, combined in its most perfect form. Those who have added a liberal allowance of Potash, increasing its standard of value, as the following analysis :—

Ammonia.....Four to five per cent.
Phosphoric Acid.....Four to five per cent.
Potash.....Two to three per cent.

Before making to purchase Fertilizers of any kind it will be their decided advantage to call and examine my stock and prices, before purchasing elsewhere.

WM. H. DOLE,
A STREET,
SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.

mch11-tf

SPECIAL OFFER.

CHOICE DANVERS ONION SEED,

Growing, grown from the very choicest Onions, selected by ourselves. Northern grown, sure to ripen well, and to produce true round Danvers Onions; 60 cts. per pound.

Direct from the Grower in CALIFORNIA-GROWN ONION SEED, AT LOWEST PRICES.

Not a package now ready. Send for a copy.

SCHLEGEL & FOTTLER,
25 South Market Street, Boston.

mch11-2

SEED POTATOES,

1,000 Bushels New Varieties, grown by the Andrews Bros., of Westfield, N. Y., viz.: Beauty of Hebron, Andrews Russet, Early Rose, Early Ohio, Snowflake, Burbank, Early Vermont, Early Goodrich, Peerless and is better in quality. Beauty of Hebron known as extra early and good. Send for Catalogue to JAMES MILLER, Clean Seed Potatoes, Cato, N. Y.

mch11-1t

TRY RICE'S NEW ONION SEED,

Raised from the finest and most perfect seed bulbs, which are carefully selected by hand.

WARRANTED TO GROW

or on receipt of seed, and if not satisfactory to send to us and amount paid refunded. Being the **growers we can save you large profits.** Write us, before ordering elsewhere, for special prices, and state kinds and quantity wanted. Address JEROME B. RICE & CO., Cambridge Valley Seed Gardens.) mch11-2t

MARBLEHEAD Early Sweet Corn

is the most valuable of all, because it matures before any variety farmers complete control of the early market. Ears large, kernels deep, sweet rather than Mammoth, compact in growth, and decidedly earlier than Dolly or Thurber. Introduced originally by Gardner of Minnesota, the original introducer. I send pure stock, true to name, and guarantee best quality and early maturity. In my catalogue, (free to all,) are emphatic endorsements from farmers and gardeners.

JAMES T. H. GREGORY, MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

mch11-ow3t

Good Farmer Wanted.

WANTED—a thoroughly competent Man, strong and not afraid of hard work, capable of taking care of improved farming tools and machines, a good teamster, fond of horses and cattle, a good milker, and willing in all respects to make the employer's interest his own.

Wages moderate, by the year round at good wages. Address at once with references,

JOHN W. RICHARDSON,
Medway, Mass.

mch11-2t

A Farm for Sale.

The Farm of the late Amos Batchelder of North Reading, situated on the turnpike from Andover to Boston, about two minutes walk from the Depot. The buildings consist of a large two story House with an Ell, painted and blinded; a large Barn with sheds. The Farm contains sixty acres or more divided into tillage, pasturing and woodland, and a good cranberry meadow which bears large crops yearly and can be mowed with very little expense, as there is a supply of sand near by and can be made a profitable investment, exceedingly well watered and well known.

For further particulars apply to WARREN SAWYER, near the Farm, or to JAMES FLINT, Salem.

mch11-4t

Farm for Sale.

The well-known and highly productive Farm of the late Hon. Benjamin Dean, in the southwesterly part of the town of Marlboro', Mass., is offered for sale at a bargain. A large House, a good Barn, suitable store to store hay for and shelter thirty head of neat cattle, of good water, abundance of fruit, of the choicest kind; good farming land as can be found out of doors, all well fenced and suitably laid out and many other attractive features make it one of the most desirable places in this neighborhood.

Mrs. Benjamin is eighty-seven years of age, and while she has been long enough on the Farm. Mr. Benjamin who has carried it on for several years past, and is still determined to quit farming. He also wants to move up into the village, and all three of the parties interested are determined to sell, and earnestly desire to get a bargain.

The above property is not disposed of previously,

Tuesday, 11th Day of April,

next, at 2 o'clock P. M., I shall offer the same

AT PUBLIC AUCTION

With it will be sold to the highest bidder. For further particulars inquire on the premises or address F. MORSE, Auctioneer,
Marlboro', Feb. 16, '82. Corey Block.

Wanted,

AGENTS to sell the only "Agricultural Cyclopedia" published; it speaks for itself; agents are making $10 per day.

W. S. STOCKMAN,
10 Federal St.

mch11-4t

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

Yours for Health,
Lydia E. Pinkham

Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst forms of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous tumors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

Sold by all Druggists. 1y3

Those in Want of Boys

FOR STORES, FARMS OR TRADES, please apply at once to P. O. Box 4106, Boston. These boys are inmates of a Charitable Institution in this city, where they are clothed, fed and kept in school until such times as suitable homes can be provided for them. feb25-3t

BEATTY'S ORGANS 27 stops $90. Pianos, $125 up. Factory running nights. Address Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J. dec17-y

STONINGTON LINE,

INSIDE ROUTE.

—FOR—

NEW YORK SOUTH AND WEST.

Express train leaves Boston & Providence R. R. daily (Sundays excepted) at 6:30 P. M. Tickets and Staterooms secured at Company office, 214 Washington street, cor. State, and at Boston & Providence R. R. Station.

J. W. RICHARDSOF, Agent, Boston.
A. A. FOLSOM, Supt. B. & P. R. R. 1yr3-tf

READ AND RUN.

—There is a strong feeling in favor of biennial sessions of the Legislature.

—To be a citizen in Rhode Island, one must be a native and possess $134 worth of property.

—A public meeting in Philadelphia has emphatically condemned the treatment of the Jews in Russia.

—Hazael, who came out first in the six days' walking feat in New York last week, made six hundred miles in 142 hours. He drank about four quarts of koumiss every twenty-four hours.

—A large importation of valuable Clydesdale horses arrived at this port last week, which went to the West.

—Adelina Patti appears in opera in Boston on the 20th inst.

—The new Boston Art Club building was dedicated last Saturday evening.

—The estimated cost of the projected New York and Boston Inland Railroad is $47,500,000.

—A bill is before the New Jersey legislature, whose object it is to effect a compromise between those citizens who wish to continue the Sunday law on the statute book and those who believe in freedom of action on Sunday as well as on every other band.

—The man who is believed to have mutilated the Andre monument at Topham is not yet convicted, and has been twice released from custody.

—The real story is that the King of Burmah, if he is not yet dead, is likely to die from excessive devotion to ardent spirits.

—The "spongitta" turns out to be no new thing in our City water works, its existence having been recognized these twenty years.

—The brakemen on freight trains are killed off with an astonishing regularity.

—An annuity was purchased for the widow of Daniel Webster by his Boston and New York friends, amounting to $100,000.

—The Chinese immigration question is now fairly in Congress, with the prospect of a prolonged discussion.

—The five commissioners of New York say it is absolutely necessary to have men, apparatus, horses and appliances in duplicate when practicable, to be able to take care of two large fires if they should occur at the same time.

—In the Peabody Museum at Cambridge are human crania and skeletons from all parts of the world.

—Scotland continues to furnish the market with good potatoes.

—Kate Field says that all that can be said in favor of trousers is, that they serve to cover up bare legs.

—Sixpenny paper editions of popular books are a new and successful publishing venture in England. They are clearly printed and have attractive woodcuts.

—Twenty millions of people passed in and out of the fair grounds in Paris, during the last Exposition there.

—The total German population of London amounts to 150,000.

—Four bales of cotton, grown in 1860 and stored in a gin house on a Georgia plantation, were carried to market a few days ago. The owner was offered 47½ cents a pound for his whole stock of one hundred bales at the close of the war, but refused to submit to the revenue tax of three cents.

—To the proposal made in the House of Commons that the government find a means of using its good offices with the Czar to prevent a recurrence of the outrages upon the Jews in Russia, Mr. Gladstone answered that the intervention of a foreign movement would be certain to cause a strong reaction, not merely among those who committed the outrages, but among those who were averse to anything like an invasion of their national independence.

—There is a great anti-Chinese excitement in San Francisco, a mass meeting of the citizens having been held there on the subject of Chinese immigration, last Friday.

—One of the patriarchs of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Rev. Samuel Marks, died at Harwich, Ontario, last week, at the age of eighty-five years. He was a native of Philadelphia, and was graduated from the General Theological Seminary, then at New Haven, in the class with the late Bishop Eastburn.

—There were 174 deaths in Boston last week, one of them being that of a centenarian.

—Farmers in the midland counties of Ireland are represented as unusually busy, more so than at any time within the past ten years.

—In order to impress the people with the advantages of telegraphic communication, the Chinese government has decided to give a month's free use of the lines recently opened for business.

—The liquor law committee of the Legislature has reported the prohibitory law of 1869, with a proviso submitting it to the people.

—They do say that fox hunting will not begin to compare, for excitement, to house hunting.

—The Secretary of War has directed that a number of good officers shall go into the regions devastated by the recent floods on the Mississippi River, that he may have reliable information on the general extent of the troubles and actual needs, in order that wasteful issues may not be made.

—Another story is not to be added to City Hall, for the reason that it is not considered that the structure is strong enough to sustain the additional weight.

—The Senate Finance Committee is reported to be about equally divided on the question of the suspension of silver coinage and the issuing of silver certificates.

—The action of the joint railway executive committee in agreeing to empower an agent to make rates for all the roads at competitive points is regarded as of vital importance. Taken in connection with heavy forfeits, it means the maintenance of rates.

—March came in after the approved fashion. The regular March winds and the cheery notes of the blue bird, together with the broken light clouds and the bright blue sky, brought spring right to the door.

—The floods in the Mississippi Valley are likely to increase the acreage of cotton, as farmers will replant deluged fields with cotton instead of with grain.

—MacLean, who attempted to kill Queen Victoria, is said to bear a striking resemblance to Guiteau.

—A monument to the poet Keats and another to his friend Joseph Severn were erected in Rome last week, in the Protestant cemetery.

—There has been a negro insurrection at Martinique, and the United States vice-Consul was kept in close confinement for five days because he had distributed hand-torpedoes among the white residents to be used by them in self defence.

—The President will give the next regular State dinner to the justices of the Supreme Court.

—Wild ducks have been showing themselves in large numbers in the marshes along the coast.

—It is very doubtful if Congress passes a bankrupt law at its present session.

—Green grass-sprouts begin to show in many places, though they would do just as well to wait.

—The New York Sun says that Tennyson's last lyric, "The Charge of the Heavy Brigade," reads as if it were dragged out of the author's brain by main strength.

—Queen Victoria has been in receipt of congratulations from all quarters for her escape from death by the bullet of the assassin. Yet he says himself that he fired at the wheels, and not at the body of her carriage.

—The real estate market in New York is this season in a state of unusual activity.

—The maple-sugar crop is called fully a month ahead of its time, this year.

—Two men died in New York hotels last week, from putting out the gas in their rooms on the same night in the wrong way.

—The New York canals are expected to be open by the middle of next month.

—The lapstone is called the blarney-stone of Lynn and Essex County.

—Cats in Ontario bring from ten to forty cents apiece, according to the length of their fur.

—The number of ordinary exiles sent to Siberia for several years past has been from 17,000 to 20,000 per annum, which includes the families accompanying the prisoners. Of this number about 8000 are set free, on their arrival in Siberia, to gain their own living; 3000 go to eastern and the remainder to western Siberia.

—In the star-route cases, the indictment against Gen. Brady, Mr. Dorsey, and others, is a voluminous document, and contains one of the longest counts ever prepared, exceeding those in the Tweed cases in New York. It contains one hundred special allegations of fraudulent acts, and covers transactions in twenty-one post-routes.

LIQUID OR DRY.—Some people prefer to purchase medicines in the dry state so that they can see for themselves that they are purely vegetable. Others have not the time or desire to prepare the medicine, and wish it already to use. To accommodate each class the proprietors of Kidney-Wort now offer that well known remedy in both Liquid and Dry forms.

Sold by druggists everywhere.—*Truth.*

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—little liver pills (sugar-coated)—purify the blood, speedily correct all disorders of the liver, stomach and bowels. By druggists.

"ROUGH ON RATS."

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists. mch11-y

ONION SEED,

WARRANTED ALL NEW SEED.

Seed grown by Daniel Buxton. $4.00 per lb. 5-lb lots at $3.50 per lb.

We have also Seed grown on an adjoining farm, by one of the

Best Onion Growers in Danvers,

and especially for us, with the view of giving our customers

THE TRUE GLOBE SHAPE ONION

without a *fancy price*. $4.00 per lb; 5-lb lots at $3.75"

We have no California Cheap Seed.

Send for Catalogue.

PARKER & GANNETT,
BOSTON and SPRINGFIELD.

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Containing a complete list of the most desirable varieties of

VEGETABLE, FLOWER, FIELD, and GRASS SEEDS,

with directions for their cultivation; also fine steel engraving of the late HON. JOSEPH BRECK, sent to any address on receipt of three cent stamp. Customers of 1881 will be supplied without writing for it.

JOSEPH BRECK & SONS,
51, 52 and 53 NORTH MARKET STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

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LA DOW HARROW.

THE BEST IN USE.

LA DOW'S JOINTED PULVERIZING DISC HARROW

Is admitted by progressive farmers everywhere, to be the most valuable farm implement ever produced. No other form of harrow has ever met with such universal favor, and no other will so thoroughly pulverize and prepare the soil for sowing and covering seed. Tens of thousands in use. Every one fully warranted.

Send for latest descriptive circular.

EVERETT & SMALL,
43 South Market St., Boston, Mass.
Sole Manufacturers for the New England States.

mch11-5t-cow

GET THE BEST

NEW BUTTER-WORKER

TRY ONE

We are now ready to offer to Dairymen and to the Trade, a HAND BUTTER-WORKER, operating on the principle of the *first and fastest* lift-power, instead of rolling, grinding, or sliding upon the butter.

We claim that it is the *only* Butter-Worker which will certainly and quickly free the butter-milk, and which *does not* and *cannot* injure the grain of the butter. *It works in the salt as easily and as well*

THE NEW

BLANCHARD CHURN

THE NEW

Five Sizes made for Family Dairies. Five sizes for Factory use. All our goods are of perfect stock and the best workmanship. They are strong, simple, efficient, convenient and durable. They continue to be THE STANDARD CHURNS OF THE COUNTRY.

Inquire of the nearest Dealer in such goods for a "BLANCHARD BUTTER-WORKER," or a *genuine* "BLANCHARD CHURN," and if he has none on hand, send postal for Prices and Descriptive Circulars to

THE INVENTORS AND SOLE MANUFACTURERS,
PORTER BLANCHARD'S SONS, Concord, N. H.

mch11-6t-cow

Wanted,

A MAN and Wife to take charge of a Farm, the man must be competent to do general farming, and the woman should be qualified to make butter. Personal applications to be made at

121 Portland Street,

mch11-tf Boston.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED FOR

Ten Years' Washington

By Mary Clemmer. It portrays the "inner life," Nights and Scenes, Marvels and Mysteries of the Capital, while Dwellings, Daily Life, Habits, and all the famous occupants shows the wonders and inside workings of the Government. Illustrated and furnished at a fabulous price. "Behind the scenes," or a wide-awake woman sees it. Its fine Engravings. The best selling book. Agents Wanted. Ladies do splendidly. *Extra Terms given.* Send for circulars to the HARTFORD PUBLISHING CO., Hartford, Conn.

mh11-9t

BRADLEY'S SUPERPHOSPHATE

Has Stood the Test for Twenty-one Years.

SALES IN 1861, 300 TONS.

SALES IN 1881, OVER 60,000 TONS.

For twenty-one years Bradley's Super-phosphate has been the standard fertilizer of New England, as it is now of the United States. It owes its superiority to having all the elements of plant-food combined in the best proportions, to the high grade materials of which it is composed and to the great care taken in its manufacture, insuring an unequaled mechanical condition. It is a pure bone Super-phosphate, and, unlike other phosphates which are only claimed to contain one or two elements of plant-food, and recommended to be used only as helps in connection with other manure, this Phosphate contains

All the Elements of Plant-Food, and in Sufficient Quantities to Meet the Requirements of all Crops.

It can therefore be used with or without barn-yard manure. For further particulars, send for pamphlet containing full directions for use and testimonials from many of the best farmers in New England, mailed free to any address upon application.

For sale by local agents throughout New England.

BRADLEY FERTILIZER CO.,
27 KILBY STREET.....BOSTON.

feb25-13t

"ACME" Pulverizing

HARROW, CLOD CRUSHER AND LEVELER.

The "ACME" subjects the soil to the action of Crusher and Leveler, and at the same time to the Cutting, Lifting, Turning process of double rows of Steel Coulters, the peculiar shape and arrangement of which give immense cutting power. The entire absence of Spikes or Spring Teeth avoids pulling up and scattering of rubbish. It is especially adapted to inverted sod, hard clay and "skinned land" where other harrows utterly fail, and also works perfectly on light soil.

Sent on trial to responsible farmers anywhere in the United States. Agents wanted. Send for circular.

NASH & BROTHER,
Sole Manufacturers,
22 College Place,
New York City.

JOSEPH BRECK & SONS,
Agents for Boston and vicinity. feb11-11t

Commonwealth of Massachusetts,

Middlesex, ss Probate Court.

To the Heirs-at-Law, next of Kin, and all other Persons interested in the estate of WINTHROP PUFFER, late of Maynard, in said County, deceased. Greeting:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court for Probate, by JAMES F. PUFFER, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, and that he may be exempt from giving a surety or sureties on his bond, pursuant to said will and statute.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth Tuesday of March inst. at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Massachusetts Ploughman, printed at Boston, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this eighth day of March in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-two.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT Co., Portland, Me dec1-52t

FARMERS,

BUY THE BEST.

STEARNS' AMMONIATED BONE

SUPER PHOSPHATE

IS A SUPERIOR ARTICLE, AND FURNISHES PLANT FOOD IN PROPER PROPORTIONS; consequently is a COMPLETE MANURE FOR ALL CROPS.

—ALSO—

STEARNS'

EAGLE BRAND FISH AND POTASH,

the great Fertilizer for FODDER CORN, TOBACCO, STRAWBERRIES, AND ALL QUICK-GROWING CROPS. Farmers should consider the fact that it does not pay them to plant without using Phosphate to hasten and invigorate their crops, even if they have plenty of yard manure. We have especial facilities for fishing, and use LARGE QUANTITIES OF FISH SCRAP in the manufacture of our Fertilizers, making them superior to others in the market, as fish is the best possible ingredient that can be used.

OUR FERTILIZERS NOT ONLY INVIGORATE, BUT ADD PERMANENT FERTILITY TO THE SOIL.

Farmers, our Fertilizer will pay you well for the investment. Try it this season and we are confident that hereafter you will use no other.

If there is no local agent near you, send to us. Pamphlets mailed free. Prices on application.

STEARNS & COMPANY,
Fall River, Mass., and New York City.

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GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S

Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

mh11-cow24t

Sparrow's Fertilizer.

BONE, MEAT AND POTASH,

DISSOLVED with chemicals for producing a QUICK and LASTING effect.

Send for pamphlets to

JUDSON & SPARROW,
10 SOUTH MARKET ST.,
mh4-13t BOSTON, MASS.

HOME SAVINGS BANK,

Masonic Temple, Tremont Street, corner of Boylston Street.

Deposits made on or before April 1, 1882, will receive interest from that date. Bank open daily from 9 A. M. till 2 P. M. mch4-4t

DO NOT SEND YOUR MILK to the factory, or buy any more butter until you have written for circulars, and full information of

THE FERGUSON BUREAU

CREAMERY

It surpasses all other systems in quantity and quality of butter, in ease and cleanliness of working; is endorsed by the best dairy authorities. For circulars, price lists, and valuable information address

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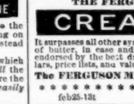

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The Poet's Corner.

THE SHORE OF ETERNITY.

Alone! to land alone upon that shore!
With no one sight that we have seen before;
Things of a different hue;
And the sounds all new,
And fragrance so sweet the soul may faint,
Alone! Oh, that first hour of being a saint!

Alone! to land alone upon the shore!
On which no wavelets lisp, no billows roar,
Perhaps no shape of ground,
Perhaps no sight or sound,
No torm or earth our fancies to arrange,
But to begin alone that mighty change!

Alone! to land upon that shore!
Knowing so well we can return no more.
No voice or face or friend,
None with us to attend
Our disembarking on that awful strand,
But to arrive alone in such a land!

Alone! to land upon that shore,
To begin alone to live forevermore,
To have n. one to teach
The manner or the speech
Of that new life, or put us at our ease;
Would we might die in pairs or companies!

Alone? No, God hath been there long before,
Eternally hath waited on that shore
For us who were to come
To our eternal home;
And he hath taught His angels to prepare
In that way we are to be welcome there.

Ladies' Department.

"LORD OF ALL."

A LOVE STORY.

[Fraser's Magazine.]

"My dear fellow, I've found a paradise! A perfect Eden without a serpent in it in the shape of tourist or cad—an artist's paradise that, I believe, hardly any one knows of. It is called Penruth; it's a little fishing village in Cornwall, as I need not say. Such models, splendid set of people—such rocks—such a sea! I don't care twopence about food and drink. I can't say they are Elysian, but it doesn't matter. I get some fish now and then, and beastly bread; but I live on the beauty of nature. Come and do likewise."

In this rapturous strain Vincent Randal wrote to his artist friends scattered about the world this glorious summer—please to date it at the last fine summer which can be remembered—in search of the picturesque. Vincent had found it to his heart's content, and was revelling in this unclouded paradise of sea, sky and rock. And it even had the last thing needful—it had its Eve. But before the heroine of this idyl appears let me introduce you to Vincent Randal, artist, as he chose to describe himself, though his income from art was nothing, plus a considerable balance the wrong way in studio and other expenses. Nevertheless, you could not engage him more than by calling him "amateur." "If I have the misfortune to be well off, it isn't my fault," he would say with pathos. "Don't degrade me by calling me an amateur, unless you want me to cut to pieces every canvas I have covered."

He worked hard and painted well, but he had not the divine touch, and despair seized him of ever getting beyond the "pretty," and he would burn his best efforts in the madness of the moment of self-disgust. He hated the praises of the Philistines; but now and then his sensitive and womanish, tender nature shrank from the criticism of the friends who loved him, but saw through the mere obvious in his painting, which never could rise above talent. He was a relief sometimes to be sitting quite alone at the feet of Mother Nature as she brooded grand and calm over the Cornish solitudes of vividly-colored, glorious masses of majestic rock. It calmed and soothed the nervous, impressionable man, whose life was spent in fruitless chase after impossible ideals—ideal beauty, such as his mental eye had never seen, colored with the light that never was on sea or sky; ideal love such as he had never, might never attain to; ideal honesty of purpose, purity of motive, heroism of sacrifice. And with it all he had moods of lightness, humor, reckless *bonhomie*, which covered all the contradictions and the unsatisfied longing of the man's soul as the sparkles lay on the surface of the dark and restless waters.

Vincent sat among the rocks painting, or trying to paint, but a mood of disgust at his work had seized him, and he was more inclined to shake his fist at his canvas than to paint upon it.

"What a fool one is to attempt anything," he said to himself; "why not give it all up and simply take it in?—like that bird up there—I'm sure he enjoys it all more than I do." He got up and stretched himself. He was neither tall nor handsome; there was nothing heroic in his appearance; he was thin and meagre, his hair was beginning to be more gray than brown, but he looked every inch a gentleman and a good fellow. As he stretched his arms and stamped the pins and needles out of his feet, he suddenly saw a girl sitting opposite him on a rock, looking fixedly out to sea. Vincent perceived that she was unaware of his presence. He kept perfectly still and watched her; it seemed to him he had never seen a more beautiful woman in his life before; all his old fancies faded; she was alone in her beauty before his eyes; as for the rest they were merely pretty, and Vincent despised prettiness. She was only a peasant girl; her white cotton bonnet lay on the rock beside her; she had a common stuff dress on, but she was simply and perfectly beautiful—the ideal of a picture such as it is given few to take into their souls. Around her was the setting of the cliffs and rocks; the pools of clear water at her feet, reflecting a clearer heaven of cloudless blue; beyond and away the sea silvered with afternoon light, the glamour of high summer, the silence which had its own music. She was tall, taller than Vincent himself; her hair was burnt into a kind of brown gold, her eyes were deep and large—probably that brown which is called black; her features had that perfection which makes one almost forget to notice in what it consists. With her beauty there was that strange and indescribable pathos which enters one's heart one knows not how or why.

"My last ideal," Vincent thought to himself, with a touch of self-scorn. "If she came nearer to me, I should find her like the rest of them—another illusion gone." Yet he drank it in, and the sweet idea sank into his foolish heart. As he watched her, her face contracted with an expression of acute pain; she uttered a short, sharp sound, neither words nor cry, and stretched out her clasped hands as toward the sea. Then she stood on her feet, hastily gathered up what she had dropped, turned and hurried away with the step of one who neither thinks nor cares of where she goes. In another moment Vincent's eyes had lost their vision.

He attempted no more painting; he collected his paraphernalia and went back to his home—for the time being—in the very primitive little inn, "The Fisherman's Rest," in the small hamlet of Penruth.

"If she lives here, I'll find her out," he thought, as he disposed his belongings in his small quarters. "And if I find her I'll know her. It will be my only chance of salvation. I hope she is a coarse, ignorant, peasant girl."

He knew all the villagers by sight, and most of them to speak to. They were a rugged but kindly set, and they all liked the "little painting gentleman," especially the children, whom he chaffed and petted, bestowing endless half-pence on those who had the loveliest eyes. His goddess was not among them, but there were a good many outlying cottages. Vincent made up his mind that he should find her in one of these. At last he lit upon the one which enshrined her. He saw a old woman making nets at her doorsty and though she was wrinkled and grown ugly with the sun and wind and the hard work of years, he fancied he traced a likeness, and he stopped to talk to her. He asked her questions at first about the fishing and the storms, and then he entered on more personal ground.

"Your husband goes out fishing, I suppose, like the rest?"

"I have none, sir," the woman answered, quite tranquilly; "he went down in our boat twelve years come next October, with my only son. I and my daughter live here alone."

Vincent's heart beat. "You've got a daughter?"

"Yes, sir. It's a pity she ain't a lad. It's hard work for women folk to make a living. I often wish I'd had the sense to bide as I was. I was better off, a deal, when I was in service at Sir George Tressilan's. But my man was very steady and good to me; you may have heard on him if you're at Penruth—John Trevarroch. He owned a boat and were well-to-do, till he went down—and all my luck with him," she added, with the first touch of pathos in her rather hard tone.

"But you have a daughter?"

"Ay—Mary. She's a decent girl, but she's got no better luck than the rest. Her young man—Will Penruddock—was drowned a little better than a year ago."

"Her young man?" Vincent said; and as he spoke the picture rose again before his mind of the sad, beautiful figure, the eyes fixed on the sea, the hands stretched out to it, the inarticulate cry.

"Yes—her sweetheart; they were to have been married. He was pretty well-to-do—owned some property here—a steady fellow and handsome. But it was her luck, like the rest on us, poor maid!"

"I am very sorry. And how do you live now?"

"As well as we can," the woman answered, with a sort of dreary dryness; "we work."

"You have a very beautiful view from here."

She glanced round indifferently. "Ay, well enough. It blows awful stormy in winter, I can tell you. You should hear it whistle through there?" and she pointed to a deep chasm in the cliff, cut, as it were, right through from the elevation where they were standing down to the beach some hundreds of feet below—a giddy place to look down.

"I am an artist—a painter. I should like to come and make a sketch up here."

"Ay, I know you are. You can come, of course, if you like to draught it. I can give you a chair out of the house."

Mrs. Trevarroch was not cordial; there was something repellant in her manner, but something to be admired, too, in its way. She spoke well, her look was honest if hard. Vincent thought that she was beaten into ruggedness by the cruel strokes of loss and misfortune. He was determined to make her his friend, for he was unreasonably sure that the woman whose image was filling his mind was no other than Mary Trevarroch. The very name began to identify itself with his remembrance of her. Mary Trevarroch, of Penruth! The words had a kind of vague suggestion in them of a sweet pathetic poem. He lingered on, talking to the mother in his gentle, easy way, which always won upon rustic minds, in hopes of the daughter's return. But at last he had to go back again to the "Fisherman's Rest," unsatisfied.

He took the first opportunity of asking the landlord of this hostelry whether he knew anything of a widow named Trevarroch, who lived up the Eagle Cliff.

"Yes, I know her, sir. I knowed her husband well. A good fellow as ever breathed was Jack Trevarroch. He went down one night off Tinagel, and his son with him; and then poor Mary's sweetheart, Will Penruddock—it's a common tale in these parts. Mary's a good girl, though she always held her head over high to please the ladies."

Vincent cleared his throat. "She felt the loss of her lover very much?"

"Ay, I reckon so. I've never seen much of her.'

"She's a very—a handsome girl, isn't she? I think I've seen her.'

"Handsome? Well, perhaps you'd say so; I haven't thought much on it.'

And this was all that was to be got out of mine host.

The next day Vincent found his steps leading along the same steep path; but this time he carried his painting-gear as a warrant for his appearance. The widow was at home, and came out to give him a chair, and to chat with him; but the daughter was not there. Vincent sat down and idly dashed in a few strokes. He hardly saw what he was doing—his eyes wandered so often down the rocky way. Presently they brightened, as a tall figure, laden with a heavy basket of bread, came slowly upward. He threw down to relieve her of her burden, but she held it back with a look of half amused surprise.

The near view did not diminish one of her charms in him. On the contrary, the full open light of her wonderful eyes almost intoxicated a head which was at times but weak to such influence.

"Won't you let me help you with your basket?" he said, trying to speak in the most careless of tones.

"No! Why should you? It's not so heavy, and I'm used to it. You're the painting gentleman, I suppose, that mother spoke of.'

"Yes. I have come to try and get some sort of a picture of your beautiful cliffs from here. I shan't be in your way?'

"Oh, no," she answered, carelessly.

Her voice and way of speaking, like her mother's, though rustic, were by no means unrefined. It had a certain music of its own, which suited the melancholy beauty of her face. But though this face never lost, even while smiling, its pathetic lines, she had not in speaking any trace of the heart-broken maid he had expected to find. While her eyes had the expression of infinite sadness, and the curves of her lips were wistful, and at times even mournful, her speech was calm, not unchearful air of every-day sense. The truth was that Mary Trevarroch had learnt to live utterly to herself. No hand had touched the secret wound since that bitter March night when Will Penruddock went down into darkness and silence. The dull requirements of a hard and dreary life were to be met, and those alone must make her future.

Vincent went back to his easel, while the girl took in her basket and remained awhile inside the cottage; then she came out, and, stepping behind him with the frankness of perfect ignorance of the world, she looked at his beginning.

"It's nothing to look at," he said, glancing up at her; "I've hardly begun. Here's a finished sketch, which is more worth your notice.'

"Oh, those are the Twin Sister rocks,' she cried, with more animation, one brown finger pointing over his shoulder, "and the Lion's Head. That's just like—but the sea isn't that color.'

"The sea isn't any color; you have not looked at it enough.'

"I not look at the sea enough!" she said, in a low, curious voice; "I look at scarce aught else." Then she changed her tone again. "Is it difficult to paint?'

"Try and see.'

"Are you a great painter—in London? You come from London, the folks say?'

"No, I'm not; I'm only middling at everything. I break my heart over trying at it.'

"That's a pity; why don't you give it up? But perhaps it's your living.'

"No; I'd make a poor living if it were. But it's part of my life; I can't give it up."

"You're that fond of it?"

"I don't know; I love it and I hate it, but it's part of my life. Now, Miss Trevarroch, you're very good to me—go and lean against that bit of red rock, and I'll try and get you in.'

She laughed a short but merry laugh. "Get me in the picture? If you like; but *Miss Trevarroch!*—how queer it sounds! I'm no miss, sir.'

"What are you—to such as me?"

"Plain Mary Trevarroch to you and every one else, sir.'

"Well, Mary, then please to go and do what I said, unless you are busy?"

"No, I've nothing much to do. Mother is cleaning the house for to-morrow." [To-morrow was Sunday.] "How shall I put myself?"

"Anyhow; you can't go wrong; and talk to me while I paint; I shall get on all the better.'

"I haven't much to talk about.'

"Why not? Everything is new and interesting to me here; tell me about your life.'

"There's naught in that that would amuse you,' she answered, in a dull, dreary voice, that reminded him of her mother; "it would be better for you to tell me how ladies live who are gay and happy, and have naught to trouble them.'

"I don't know many happy ladies in London—plenty who are gay enough. To me it would seem ever so much happier here at Penruth, out of the noise and the bustle, with this free, sweet salt air blowing from over the sea. Don't let us talk about London; I am trying to forget any world but this.'

"Ah,' she said, in a quiet way, 'it's happy for you, perhaps; you know naught of how we live in Penruth.'

"Do you want to go somewhere else? would it make you happier?'

"I don't look to be happy,' she answered, turning her eyes from him. 'As for going away, sometimes I think I want to, sometimes I think I'd want to come back. I've never in all my life been ten miles from Penruth, but I've read about places.'

"Do you care for reading, then?'

"I used to when I was a girl; our parson's wife had me a great deal with her, and lent me books; and Will was fond of reading winter evenings.' There was a silence, and then Mary said quite calmly, 'Will was the man I was to marry. He's dead.'

"You talk of when you were a girl,' Vincent said, dashing into words to save himself from some embarrassment; 'you are young enough now.'

"Turned two-and-twenty. I don't feel young.'

"You've gone through a great deal,' he said, in a low voice, tender with sympathy.

She looked at him with a kind of surprised gratitude; she was entirely unused to such sympathy, and it moved her deeply. Her composure left her, and her under-lip trembled.

'Oh, I have, I have!' she said in a voice deepened by her emotion. 'How kindly you speak to me; who told you about it?'

'Your mother and others and yourself—I saw you before.'

She blushed deeply. 'Where?'

'Down in that little cove there, under that cliff. I saw in your face that you had suffered.'

She turned away her head, and put one hand over her eyes. 'I didn't know,' she said, just above her breath. 'I never saw you. Don't talk of it now.'

Vincent had tact enough not to keep the same chord sounding. He chatted away about a hundred things. The dark eyes came back to him, and she was again the rather dignified, matter-of-fact self that he had startled away.

Vincent Randal had taken the plunge in good earnest; he went about from this hour haunted with a perpetual presence. Day after day the picture lingered on, and the intimacy progressed—on her side a perfectly straightforward friendship which had not an afterthought; on his, a gradual rising from admiration to passion, from passion to an irresistible depth of tenderness; for tenderness, if it comes at all, comes after, not before, passion.

One day he took a sudden resolution, packed up and went off for a walking tour, leaving his heavy goods at the 'Fisherman's Rest.' He wanted to try the antidote of absence. But it was ineffectual. Wherever he went, the impression of her pathetic beauty went with him; he could no more part with the inner vision than with the heart which enshrined it. 'I will go back,' he said—'I'll go back to Penruth, and ask her to be my wife. Come what may of it, I must tell her what she is to me, or I shall go mad. Perhaps I am a fool—on the whole I think I am—perhaps it is only her beauty that has set me on fire to possess her, perhaps she is not what I believe her to be—one of God's sweetest creatures; but I must put it to the touch, and I will.'

He went back to Penruth, and the very strength of his purpose quieted the restless fever he had been in since he left it. But he did not go to the cottage. He wanted her away from the influence of the hard, prosaic mother and the life of her home; he had seen her first near the great murmur of her own sea. At last he met her there. She started when she saw him, but did not blush. Her eyes were bright with kindness and pleasure as he came up to her and took her hand.

"You look surprised,' he said, speaking with perfect ease, now that the supreme moment of his life had actually come. "Did you not know I was back to Penruth?'

"No. I've been up at the Hall; they wanted some help there getting the house ready for the family. My mother is a friend with the housekeeper. I am surprised you've come back.'

"Why.'

"I don't know why. I fancied you'd gone for good.'

"I went to see if it was 'for good.' I found it was not, so I came back. Sit down here by me on this rock, Mary Trevarroch, and listen to me for a minute. I want to talk about myself, and you are to be so kind as to attend and try not to think it a bore.'

Mary's straight black brows contracted a little with a somewhat uneasy and puzzled expression. "It won't bother me, sir,' she said, in a slightly confused tone, "but I can't see what it can have to do with me.'

"It has only to do with two people, and you are one of the two. The other is a man who sets up to be an artist, but who has never and will never make a great thing as long as he lives, and who is forty, getting gray, and who never had any good looks at the best, who is not up to anything very particularly, but is not a bad fellow to live with. He came down into Cornwall last month in an aimless sort of way, drifting about like yonder seaweed; and while he was there, one day he saw—what I believe he had been looking for all his life—and then got postession of him, heart and soul. She is very beautiful—very, very beautiful. But that isn't all—that isn't half. She is perfectly unconscious of herself, which adds a glorious nobility to her beauty. She is simple, and frank and true. I know she is; I see it in her eyes. She has a pure and noble heart. Mary, what has she to say to the poor fellow? Will you take her?'

A pale, cold, changed face was slowly turned to him, and her voice said in low and trembling tones:

"I don't rightly understand you, sir. I'm only an ignorant girl, and I suppose you are speaking out of a joke.'

"You dare think nothing of the sort,' Vincent retorted passionately, a sudden touch that was almost like fierceness totally transforming his good-tempered face for the moment. "What right have you to insult me by such a supposition? Dare one jest when one's life is at stake?'

"You want me to marry you?' Mary said slowly, and with a sudden cold apathy of tone.

The boldness of the words struck upon him in the glow and romance of his feelings painfully and jarringly.

"Yes, I want you to marry me,' he protested, rather bitterly; "if that is the way you put it. I want you to know that I love you—love you passionately.'

"Mr. Randal,' she said, with her eyes still on his, and a sudden color coming into her pale face, "I'd like you to understand me. I loved Will Penruddock.'

"Yes, I know,' he said sadly, looking down at the sand at his feet.

"Ay, but that's not all. I love him now, though he is—dead—somewhere out there," and she stretched her arm out toward the sea. "I never have cared for any one else, and I never can. When he went down I said good-bye to everything—everything that makes a girl like her life. I've been sick of mine nigh upon two years, but I've dragged on someway. It's very good of you to speak like this to a poor ignorant girl like me, but it'll be the best for you to go away and forget me quickly. Go away from Penruth and find some lady to love you." Then the tone which had been almost harsh changed to gentleness; she took his hand and kissed it. "God bless you! You're a good, good man. I wish I was a lady and free, and I'd love you, and try to make you happy.'

Vincent was carried away by the motion which the touch of her lips on his hand brought him, carried away so far as to put his arm around her and kiss her. She drew back with an angry more than a confused movement.

"You've no right, sir,' she said, haughtily. "If I am a poor girl I gave you no leave. I'll go home. There's nothing more to say.'

"For God's sake, don't leave me like that; don't let me keep a memory of you with anger in your face! I won't vex you again. I won't offend you again; only listen one moment to me. No one will ever care for you as I do. My dearest, I know you loved the man you had promised to marry. I know you haven't forgotten him. I don't ask you to do that. I ask for nothing but that you'll trust yourself to me. I'll make your life brighter, happier for you—so bright, so happy, so full of love, that in time my wife will give me her whole heart. I'll give you time, Mary—time to let the memory of the past cease to pain you. I'll not hurry you.'

"I don't want to lose the memory,' she cried, with vehement emphasis. "I love it better than anything. It's the best of me. I can't part with all I have left of the time I was happy. Oh, I was happy, though I was poor and ignorant as I am now; there was all the difference—all the difference.' As she spoke she broke into passionate crying, and before he could answer her she was on her feet and turning her face in the direction of the land. He did not attempt to follow her; a dreary sense of the hopelessness of the moment, something almost like dread of the determined resistances of the girl kept him back.

"A woman loves by the eyes,' he said to himself with a sort of angry sadness; 'and if one were to shower treasures of love upon her, she would care nothing for that. She's like them all.'

But Vincent's mood changed before many hours had passed. The longing to possess this beautiful creature, nobly beautiful, unspoilt by the world, a gem of purest ray serene, set in rough a casket, returned with uncontrollable fierceness, and he did a thing which, in his own eyes, was mean—the first meanness he had ever committed. He went to woo the mother. He knew that Mrs. Trevarroch, if she ever had them, had outlived all romantic views of life, and he represented his case to her with what he called to himself 'brutal vulgarity.' He told her of the extent of his fortune, his position in life, the property he could settle upon his wife. Mrs. Trevarroch listened with every hard line of her face sharpened with eagerness—the bitter eagerness of life-long poverty.

"She's a born fool,' was her comment on his unvarnished tale; 'and when she knows it's as much as we can do to find bread! A born fool. Taint'even as if Penruddock were alive—he might have kept her decently, and he was a good fellow; but she's naught in the world to look to now but want and trouble. I'll make her have you, Mr. Randal, bless you.'

Vincent shrunk in a sort of hatred from his ally, but he did not refuse the offer. He wanted Mary so much the more fiercely for its difficulty. But he was cautious; he met her every day for a week; but he did not press his suit; he met her with quiet seriousness and respect which touched her, he looked so sad. Her eyes dwelt on him wistfully as to be almost tender—almost, not quite. Mary seldom was tender, though her heart was deep, capable of holding a whole ocean of love. One day he asked her bluntly and suddenly if she meant to marry him, or break his heart.

Her eyelids quivered and her lips, too, in an attempt to smile. 'Men's hearts don't break,' she answered,

'Don't they?' he returned. 'You know a great deal about them!'

'I know naught about gentlemen,' she answered, half sarcastically; 'but I can't believe in your remembering such as me long.'

'Mary, I don't ask you to love me, remember. You have only to marry me. At least, your life won't be worse than it is.'

'It can't be much,' she said, under her breath; only I'm loth to leave—the shore.'

'Think all it means—freedom from care for you—for your mother.'

'Hush!' she returned fiercely; 'that's what she's put into you. Don't make me do like that. Will it make you happy—even if I can't love you?'

'Yes,' he answered, in a tone that had, however, no elation in it; 'it's my only chance.'

'Then take me, if you will,' she cried, putting out her hands, 'and never say I played you false. My heart is dead; but what is left of me is yours, though it's not worth your stooping to pick out of the gutter.'

He took her hands and pressed them to his heart, but something in her prevented him from trying to kiss her. She was hard, and his mood was chilled.

In a few days Vincent returned to London to make preparations for his wedding. Before he left Penruth he gave Mary's mother notes for £50, that she might make some changes in her way of living at once. The woman who could not shed a tear over her bitter past cried over the money. In a week a box arrived from London, for Miss Trevarrock, full of dresses, linen, and cambric fit for a lady. Mary tossed them over with scorn. 'My price,' she said bitterly to her mother; 'he might have waited for that. I'm no pauper, and—and I hate 'em. With these last words violently spoken she broke out into a storm of sobs and tears. All the grief she had gone through had but seldom drawn a tear from her.

But her heart told her she was ungrateful, and to please Vincent she put on the plainest dress he had sent to welcome him in. He caught her to his breast with rapture. It seemed to him that being absent from her brought her wonderful beauty more vividly home to him each time. Cold as she was, she set his ardent blood on fire. He put a ring on her finger as they sat together on the rocks. Mary looked at him, then at the ring, and then she laid her hand on the back of his. "Look there, sir," she said, with a curious smile; "did you ever see anything look worse? There's my hard brown hand, a poor woman's working hand, with a fine lady's ring upon it. It only makes it look hornier and uglier. Please to take it off; jewels on me look like blue satin furniture would in our kitchen. I'd rather not wear it, thanking you all the same."

"You are right," Vincent said quietly, drawing off the ring. "The dear hand does not need it; a plain gold circle will look fitter." And he kissed the third finger, which he stripped of its ornament.

At the moment he kissed her hand he felt it suddenly twitch and struggle with a kind of convulsive movement which released it from his. Mary had risen to her feet. Her face was deadly white, her eyes, wide open, were filled with terror. Vincent following them saw that they were fixed upon a boat which was nearing the shore. A man in a sailor's dress with a red cap was in it. Vincent thought that the boat had come from a brig which was anchored a mile or two out. He had scarcely time to form a collected thought when Mary uttered a cry—it hardly sounded like one—a human voice, more like the scream of a wild bird—"Come back, come back from the dead, to curse me!" These words somehow shaped themselves. As the boat grated on the shore she turned, flung up her arms, and rushed away up the steep cliff path as if she were pursued by the furies. Vincent, calm as English gentlemen are wont to be in the face of a great emergency, stood and watched her. The sailor sprang ashore, and with a wild bird—"Come back, come back!" he sobbed out. "Oh, sir, I love him! I told you I did. You can't say I was false. I thought in time I'd live to forget him, and I meant to be good. Oh! tell him—tell him!" and she dropped her head upon the ground.

"What am I to tell him?" Vincent asked, in a slow, stern voice. 'You can tell him best yourself what there is to be told. Goodby, Mary Trevarroch.

He had not left them long before he hated himself. He half turned to go back as he heard her sobbing, but he dared not trust himself. He went to the 'Fisherman's Rest,' and packed up his things; then sat down and wrote: 'Forgive me for speaking cruelly, my poor girl. I know what you meant me to tell him, though at the moment I could not answer you as I ought. Tell him now for me that I honor you, and have always honored you as much as I loved you. You did not say I was false to him at last because I had some worldly good to offer you; you saw it was what I wanted, and you meant to make me happy. But your true heart spoke when you said No, not Yes, to me. We are both spared much. Good-by, and God bless you, Mary. I need not bid you be true to Will Penruddock, whom the depths have given back to you.'

As he wrote the last words the evening darkened so fast that he could scarcely see what he had written, and he laid down the pen. At that moment some one knocked. He opened the door, and saw Mary Trevarroch in her peasant dress. He took her hand, which felt damp and icy cold, and drew her into the room. She looked at him, trembling in every fibre of her frame.

"They tell me you're going early to-morrow, sir,' she said, in a scarcely audible voice.

"Yes, my dear.'

"Oh, you are not angry with me, then? You don't hate me since you speak so! Mr. Randal, you understand?'

"Yes, I understand. I was writing to tell you so. Does Will understand, too?'

"Yes,' she murmured, with drooping head. "But I'd like to ask your pardon before you go, Mr. Randal. You've been so good—so good to me! The things are all sent back, sir, I never wanted them.'

"No,' he returned, in the same quiet, half apathetic tone. 'I know that; and neither do I want them.'

"You'll try to forgive me?

"I've nothing to forgive; on the contrary, I have one thing to thank you for, Mary. I've all my life been hunting for ideals; you have helped me a good deal. I see there are women who can love. Love is still now and then 'lord of all,' not money. Good-by. My dear, let me kiss you for good-by, for I shall never see Penruth nor you again, most likely. You will be married soon?'

"I think so.'

"And then?'

"We shall live here—he will get a boat of his own in time, he hopes.'

"Ah! I see. I hope so too.'

He kissed her on the cheek, and turned away from her; before she had closed the door he had torn his letter into atoms.

Next day Vincent Randal was in his old world again, and it did not perceive any difference in him.

Will Penruddock had a wedding present from an unknown and only guessed at benefactor, which enabled him to become the owner of a boat in the place of that he had lost. In spite of this, and of a handsome present from the same unknown source, the widow Trevarroch resented her daughter's choice with persistent bitterness. In the unearthly light of the strange dawn of her happiness which had seemed so long to have set, Mary cared little for that. Whether the light lasted and was enough always to shine upon the rough pathway of her future life, I can but guess. It is much if only a few steps are so lighted, for to many is given only the sullen gray of a cloudy winter, which never breaks into summer this side of the grave.

A QUESTION OF COLOR.

BY NELLIE L. TINKHAM.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Strawberry Jam,
A-growing very red,
"What a most unfortunate creature I am;
I can scarce hold up my head.
To think that I should live to see
An insult offered, like this, to me!
That I should be placed on the very same shelf
(Oh dear! I hardly know myself)
By the side of that odious Blackberry Jam—
That vulgar, common, Blackberry Jam!"

So she fumed and fretted, hour by hour,
Growing less and less contented,
Till her temper became so thoroughly sour
Till she at last fermented.
While Mr. Blackberry Jam kept still,
And let her have her say,—
Kept a quiet heart, as blackberries will,
And grew sweeter every day.

One morn there stopped at Dame Smither's fence
The parson,—to say that he might,
By the kind permission of Providence,
Take ten with her that night.
And the good old lady, blessing her lot,
Hastened to open her strawberry pot.
"Oh, what a horrible mess! Dear—dear
Not a berry fit to eat is here.
After all," putting it down with a slam,
"Nothing will keep like good Blackberry Jam,
Honest, reliable, Blackberry Jam."

Mrs. Strawberry J. went into the pail;
Oh my—what a dire disgrace;
And the pig ate her up, with a twitch of his tail
And a troubled expression of face.
While Blackberry J., in a lovely glass dish,
Sat along with the bread and honey,
And thought, while happy as heart could wish,
"Well, things turn out very funny!"

—*St. Nicholas for March*

THE GIRL DETECTIVE.

ROBBED OF FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

The door of Rufus Markham's counting-room was securely closed, and the proprietor of the large, flourishing cotton factory talked earnestly with a gentlemanly looking man of middle age, whose face was as impassive as a wax mask.

"Five thousand dollars!" said the individual. "It was a large sum to leave exposed."

"Exposed!" said Mr. Markham. "It was in my private desk, to which no one has access but myself and my nephew, Fred Tryon."

"Would it be possible the young gentleman—"

"Sir," said Mr. Markham, "my nephew is not a thief. If he needed ten times that sum he knows I would freely give it to him. He will be my heir, and he is as dear to me as a son. It is simply absurd to connect him in any way with this robbery.

"I just state the case again as briefly as you can, and allow me to take notes; will you, Mr. Markham?"

"Certainly. I drew five thousand dollars out of the bank yesterday to meet a note that was not presented for payment. Retaining it until after the bank was closed, I concluded to look it in my desk until this morning, and did so. At nine o'clock this morning the expected note was presented and I unlocked the desk. The money was gone, and with it a small memorandum-book that was in the same roll."

"The lock was not forced?"

"No, sir; the desk was apparently exactly as I left it."

"And Mr. Tryon has the only duplicate key?"

The old gentleman frowned. He was evidently displeased at the turn the detective's suspicions seemed to be taking.

"Yes, my nephew certainly has the only duplicate key."

"Humph! yes. Have you the numbers of all the notes?"

"Yes. The roll consisted of ten five hundred dollar notes."

The list of numbers being taken, the detective made a searching examination of the apartment and prepared to take his departure. As he stood near the door Mr. Markham suddenly said nervously:

"I think, Mr. Vodges, if you make any discoveries you had better report to me privately before making any arrests."

"Certainly, sir, if you desire it. Will you grant me one favor. Do not mention the robbery to Mr. Tryon, if you have not done so already."

"No one has heard of it but yourself."

"Very good! I will call again when I have any report to make."

"Fred! Fred?" the old gentleman said in troubled tone, when he was alone. "Vodges evidently thinks it is Fred! It is impossible that my nephew would rob me. I cannot believe it. And yet he knew the money was there. He was here when I handed Arnold the check, and here when he returned with the money. He knew that Johnson's note was not presented, and Fred alone has a duplicate key. Oh! if it should be. Anna's boy, that I promised to love as a son. Have I kept my promise? Where have I failed? And why should he steal from me when all I have is his? I cannot, will not, believe it."

"May I come in?" asked a pleasant voice at the door, and, permission being given, Fred Tryon entered the room.

Looking into his handsome young face, bright and frank, with wide-opened, brown eyes and curls of nut brown hair, it was hard to connect it with any idea of roguery, ingratitude, and theft. His manner towards his uncle, who had ever filled a father's place, was the perfection of respectful affection, and before he had been an hour in the counting-room Mr. Markham's fears were entirely gone.

They were talking of a certain dark-eyed little maiden who was soon to be Mrs. Tryon, and when Fred left his uncle it was with a promise that he would call in the evening upon Miss Clarkson to arrange for the wedding day.

The young man, a favorite of fashion, apparently, spent the afternoon with his betrothed, received his uncle in the evening beside her, and accompanied the old gentleman to his boarding-house, receiving an affectionate farewell when he took his way to his own rooms in another house. For a week he heard nothing of the robbery.

It was just when summer twilight was fading that, returning home from a drive with Maud Clarkson, Fred met his uncle's confidential clerk waiting for him at Maud's house.

"I have a note for you, Mr. Fred," he said, "and as you were not at home I thought I would wait for you here."

"You have bad news," she cried.

"Perhaps Mr. Fred had better read the note," was the evasive answer.

But Maud's terror was only increased when Fred, after reading the note, broke into a furious exclamation of rage.

"What dares say that I am a midnight burglar?" he shouted.

"O Fred! what is it?" asked Maud, turning very white.

"My uncle has been robbed of five thousand dollars, and he pays me the compliment of supposing me to be the thief, because I have a duplicate key to his private desk. I—great heaven!" he cried, with a sudden change in his voice, "he cannot mean it. I rob my uncle, I—"

"Mr. Fred," said the clerk respectfully, "I only waited to see how you took the note to speak a few words of advice. Mr. Fred, I was with your father when he was killed on a railway train. I was with your uncle when he brought you from your mother's funeral to his home. I took you to boarding-school and brought you home for the holidays, and I've loved you, boy and man, since you were ten years old, and that's twelve long years. I know you never, never took the money; but things look ugly for you."

"But," said Fred, grasping hard the hand the old clerk held out to him; "I cannot understand it. Listen." And he read aloud the note from his uncle:

"MR. FREDERICK TRYON: I could not believe without proof—undeniable, positive proof—that you could rob me of five thousand dollars, taken, as you know, from my private desk on Wednesday last. You are my sister's son, and I will never be the one to imprison or punish you; but you are no longer a nephew of mine. Willingly, I will never look in your face again. Your ill-got-gains I freely give you to start in some business, trusting that you will endeavor to live honestly in the future. Do not try to see me; I will not listen to any explanations I know to be false. Do not write, for I will not open your letters. RUFUS MARKHAM."

Maud Clarkson grew white as death as she heard the stern edict.

"O Fred!" she cried, "what can you do?"

"Starve, I suppose," was the bitter answer, "as I do not happen to possess the ill-gotten gains he so generously presents me. But I will not ask you to starve with me, Maud. You were betrothed to the millionaire's nephew and heir; the disinherited beggar frees you from your promise."

"Fred," she cried, bursting into tears, "how can you be so cruel?" Then, unheeding the clerk, who was discreetly looking from the window, she came close to Fred's side. "Darling," she said, in the large black eyes upon his face, "if all the world believe you guilty I do not. If all the world cast you off, I will keep my promise."

The young lover had been bewildered, indignant, desperate, but he folded the gentle comforter in his arms, and great tears fell on her upturned face.

"God bless you, Maud!" he cried; I can defy the world if you are true to me. Now, Potter, sit down and tell me what you know of this wretched business."

"Well, Mr. Fred, I never heard of the robbery until this morning, when Vogdes, the detective your uncle employed to work it up, came to make his report. They did not notice me at first, and when your uncle remembered I was in the room I had heard about all Vodges knew. You remember there was a note coming due last Wednesday?"

"To Johnson?"

"Yes; well, I thought at the time it was curious that your uncle gave him a check, when I knew the money was drawn out of the bank the day before to meet that very note. But I never knew till this morning that the money was stolen from Mr. Markham's desk by means of false keys. Mr. Fred," said the old man, earnestly, "it was all in five-hundred-dollar notes, and your uncle had the numbers."

"Well?"

"This morning Vodges brought back one of the notes which you gave to Johnson—yesterday in payment for a pearl locket."

"Stop! Potter, let me think. Where did I get that note? I have it. Arnold gave it to me to take out a hundred dollars I lent him some time ago. And Arnold—Potter, Arnold borrowed my keys last Wednesday night to open his trunk. Potter, huzza! we know the thief."

"Not so fast, Mr. Fred—not so fast. It will not be so easy matter to prove this. Were there any witnesses present when Arnold borrowed the keys?"

"No; I was alone in my room, half undressed, when he knocked at my door and said he had lost the key of his trunk. I lent him my bunch of keys, which he returned before I was out of bed the next day."

"And you were alone when he paid you the money?"

"Yes; I thought he was very flush, for you know as well as I do, Potter, that a note for five hundred dollars is not a daily visitor in Arnold's pocket."

"He is a cunning scoundrel. He wants to ascertain if the notes can be identified before he tries to get rid of them himself. Mr. Fred, you must leave town for a few days, only a few days—and if I do not not catch the thief you may try."

"But my uncle?"

"Wait till you can prove your innocence before you see him. Only a week—give me only a week to watch Arnold. And, by the way, you will give me an additional chance if you will leave the city. Throw him off his guard by letting him suppose you are banished for his crime."

"Run away, like a coward?" flashed Fred.

"Only for a week. You see, the probability is that Arnold has the money in his possession yet. He will wait to see the fate of what he has given you before putting any more into circulation; but he has probably hidden it very securely. He will watch, but if you are willing I will take your room while you are gone and do a little detective business on my part."

It was not easy to persuade Fred to consent to Potter's plan, but Maud's persuasions being added to the old man's, he finally consented to leave the city for a week, and return in that time to vindicate his own innocence in case of Potter's failure.

Before night Fred was on his way to visit another city, and his landlady had agreed to allow Mr. Potter to occupy his place during his absence.

Fred had been gone two days when the old clerk called upon Miss Clarkson to report progress.

"I am completely baffled," he said, in answer to her inquiries. "You see, Arnold knows me and evidently suspects me. He is so affectionately desirous of keeping me in sight that I cannot get a peep into his room; and whenever he is out he locks the door and gives the key to the landlady. I cannot force the door yet, and by the time Fred returns I am afraid the money will be smuggled away. I am sure the money is in his possession now, he is so careful about his room. Nobody gets in there but the landlady. I did think of bribing the chamber-maid to let me in when she was at work there, but unfortunately she left to-day."

A flash of light seemed to pass across Maud's face, but she only said demurely:

"